THE BYSTANDER
Vol. CXXIII.—No. 1603

SEPTEMBER 4, 1934

[Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper

The BYSTANDER

SPORT STAGE SOCIETY RACING
GOSSIP GOLF FILMS FASHIONS

1/-

"THEIR NATIVE HEATH"—No. 10. Cannes
"Ladies of the Turf"—by Quintin Gilbey

DEAF—YOU DON'T NEED EARS TO HEAR WITH "BONADENTE"—BONE CONDUCTION

Really Better Hearing for Church, Conversation, Home, Talkies, Meetings, Shopping, and street safety! "BONADENTE" is entirely different from all else and combines amplification with amazing true-to-tone results.

No matter what is the cause of your deafness—cases considered hopeless now benefiting (so-called 'Stone Deafness'). This is the complete answer to your needs whatever you have tried or are using. Even if the drums are perforated or removed, bone conduction means that you hear by bone-contact—no need to use your ears at all.

CALL, 'PHONE, WIRE OR WRITE FOR ***FREE TEST.***
Ask for "Medical Commendations."

R. H. DENT, 309, OXFORD ST., LONDON, W.1.
(Coloured Building and Square Clock.) *Mayfair* 1380/1718.

Drambuie
PRINCE CHARLIE'S LIQUEUR

Made in the Isle of Skye since 1745 from a recipe brought to Scotland by one of the Prince's retainers. The leading Liqueur of the Empire. At all public and private functions, Drambuie with Coffee completes and rounds off a well-ordered repast.

THE DRAMBUIE LIQUEUR CO. LTD.,
9, Union Street - - - - Edinburgh

BOLLINGER
BY APPOINTMENT TO H.M. THE KING.
CHAMPAGNE
1928 VINTAGE and SPECIAL CUVÉE.

take Genasprin
THE SAFE BRAND OF ASPIRIN
for INSTANT relief from headaches

HOTEL LOTTI
PARIS
The Hotel of Distinction with prices adapted to present conditions
7 & 9, RUE DE CASTIGLIONE
(TUILERIES)
Telegrams: "OTELOTTI, PARIS 81."

George Goulet
CHAMPAGNE
GG

ALL CLASSES OF INSURANCE TRANSACTED.
MOTOR UNION INSURANCE COMPANY, LTD.
10, ST. JAMES'S STREET,
LONDON, S.W.1.

AMUSEMENTS

COLISEUM. (Charing Cross.) (Temple Bar 3161.)
TWICE DAILY, at 2.30 and 8.30.
Lew Leslie's BLACKBIRDS OF 1934
A HARLEM RHAPSODY.

HOTELS.

SUNNY and SHELTERED.
There's always sunshine in the long sun-lounge of the Royal Victoria. Here, pleasantly sheltered, guests gain the fullest benefit from a seaside holiday. This luxury hotel offers every modern convenience. Over 100 bedrooms with hot and cold water. Music. Electric heating. Garage. Menus planned by a famous chef. Vintage wines. Weekly terms 4½ gns. inclusive.
ST. LEONARDS-ON-SEA
ROYAL VICTORIA HOTEL. *'Phone: Hastings 869.*

GRAND HOTEL, HARROGATE
Under an hour's run from Doncaster. Stay here for Doncaster Week (early reservation desirable) and enjoy the best in cuisine and entertainments. Orchestra plays daily. Dances every Wednesday and Saturday. Covered Sun Walk leads direct to Pump Room.
Inclusive terms and brochure, with pleasure, from the Manager.

CONTINENTAL HOTELS

HOTEL ATALA
Champs-Elysées,
10, rue Chateaubriand.
Paris.
The last word in all modern conveniences, situated in the West End of Paris, yet possessing the unique charm of tranquillity allied to a pretty garden.
Tel.: Balzac 01-62, 01-65. *Telgr. Addr.: OTELATAL.*

AUSTRIA.
Gallspach—Famous for electro-therapeutical Treatment System Zeileis. **Hotel-Pension "Sonnenhof,"** modern comfort, mod. prices.

BELGIUM.
Brussels. — **Grand Hotel.** — Near Stock Exchange. All modern comfort. Reputed for good style. Free Garage.

Antwerp.—**Grand Hotel de Londres.**—Best position in town. Highest service at reasonable rates. Tels.: Lonhotel, Anvers.

Blankenberghe.—**Hotel Pauwels d'Hondt.**—Fin. sit. Fac. sea. Wonderful sands 140 rms. Ex. kitchen. Full board terms from Frs. 60.

CZECHO-SLOVAKIA.
Franzensbad. — **Hotel Königsvilla.** — The leading First-class Hotel with all mod. comfort, best situation with own beautiful park.

FRANCE.
Paris.—**Hotel Lutetia.**—The best Hotel on the left bank. Every possible comfort. Tea and Dinner Concerts.

Cannes.—**Hotel des Anglais.**—Highest class residential hotel in large park. "Going to Cannes means staying at the Anglais."

Cannes.—**Hotel Miramar.**—
300 rooms all with bath.
The Leading Hotel of the Riviera.

Le Touquet. — **Hotel Alexandra.** — Near sea and forest. Latest comfort. Pension from 50 Frs.

Le Touquet.—**Hotel Bristol.**—First class. From Frs. 70 daily. Near sea. G. S. Heathcote, M.V.O., O.B.E., Proprietor.

Le Touquet.—**Regina Hotel.**—Latest 1st cl. Hotel on beach. Opp. swimming pool. Casino 200 yds. Mod. Rates. H. Mosesco, Manager.

Lyons.—**Carlton Hotel.**—
The best
reduced rates.

Nice.—**Atlantic Hotel.**—First class. 200 rms. Own Gar. with lock-ups. Attr. tms. Annexe: Hotel Adelphi. Rms. fr. Fs. 25. Entir. renov.

FRANCE—*continued.*
Roquebrune—Cap-Martin—Villa Sevigne—Terrace overlooking sea. Five minutes from Monte Carlo Beach. From Frs. 30 up.

Versailles.—**"Le Home Versaillais"** 58, rue du Maréchal Foch. Rooms. Studios. Furn'd flats, 1st class installation. Moderate terms.

GERMANY.
Baden-Baden.—**Hotel Europe.**—200 beds. First-class, rooms from RM. 4.50. Situated in the Kurpark opposite Casino.

Bad Schwalbach (Taunus).—**Staatl. Kurhotel.**—Every room with pte. toilette and balcony. Built 1931. Terms from RM. 11.

Cologne.—**Hotel Comoedienhof.**—Dignified Htl. with all com. Nr. Cathedral. Rms. fr. RM. 4, with p.b. fr. RM. 8. Man. A. Grieshaber

Dresden—**Hotel Bellevue,** the ldg. Htl. Wld. renwnd. Unique pos. on the River. Gdn.-Pk. Terraces. Gar. Man. Dir., R. Bretschneider

Düsseldorf—**Breidenbacher Hof.**—Ldg. hot. R. fr. RM. 5; w. bath fr RM. 9. Am. Bar, Orch., Gar., New Rest., 'Breidenbacher Grill.'

Freiburg.—**Freiburger Hof.**—125 beds. Mod. Pop. Orchestra. Pens. fr. Mk. 8.50. **Hotel Salmen.**—Mod. fam. house. Pens. fr. Mk. 7.

Garmisch.—**Bavarian Alps.**—**Sonnenbichl.**—Golf Hotel facing the Zugspitze. 1st-class family hotel—excellent cuisine.

Leipzig.—**Hotel Astoria.**—The latest & most perf. Hotel bldg. Select home of Intern Soc. & Arist'cy. Man. by M. Hartung, Coun. of Com.

München.—**Grand Hotel Continental.**—1st-class throughout. Moderate terms. Quiet situation. Lock-up garages.

Wiesbaden — **Hotel Schwarzer Bock.** — 1st-cl. fam. hotel. 300 beds. Med. bath in Hotel Golf. Tennis. Garage. Pens. from Mk. 8.

Wiesbaden—**Hotel Rose.**—World-renowned Hotel. Patronised by H.R.H. Prince of Wales. Pens. from 11 Marks. Thermal baths.

Wiesbaden—**Palast Hotel.**—First-class Hotel, opposite Kochbrunnen. Every possible comfort. Own bath-estab. Pension from RM. 10.

Wildbad. — **Hotel Quellenhof.** — A famous Hotel in a famous Spa. Thermal baths. Trout fishing. Pension from RM. 10.

CONTINENTAL HOTELS—continued.

ITALY.
Rome. — **Hotel Palace-Ambassadeurs.**—Near Pincio Gardens. Unrivalled for its luxury and comft. Very special reduced rates.

Courmayeur (Aosta) In the heart of the Alps. —**Royal Hotel Bertolini.**—100 rms. Baths. Garden, Orch. Ten Pens. from Lire 40.

Gardone (Lake of Garda).—**Grand Hotel.**—Large Park. Garden on Lake Front. Tennis. Golf, Fishing, Bathing. Pensions 45 lire.

SWITZERLAND.
Geneva.—**The Beau-Rivage.**—Finest pos. on the lake, fac. Mt. Blanc. All mod. comfort. Former prices reduced. Rms. fm. Sw. Frs. 7.

SWITZERLAND—*continued.*
Geneva. — **Hotel Richemond.** — First-class family hotel, overlooking lake. Most up-to-date. Rooms from 7 Frs.

Lausanne—**Belvedere Hotel.**—Best position. First-class cuisine. Diet. Weekly terms, all inclusive from £5 . 0 . 0.

Lausanne.—**The Hotel Victoria.**—Homelike house; latest comfort. Rooms from 5 Frs. Inclusive from 13 Frs. Garden. Garage.

Les Avants S/Montreux. 3281 ft.—**Hotel de Jaman-Bellevue.** — Renovated, run. water, incl. terms from 12/-. Nic. Vital, Prop.

Mont Pelerin, above **Vevey.**—**The Grand Hotel.**—1st cl., though inex. 3000 ft. Overl. Lk. Geneva. Nr. Lausanne Vevey. Ilu. Pros.

Let ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS Help You When You Go to Paris and Berlin.

The ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS Reading Room in Berlin.

AT the PARIS Offices of "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS," "THE SPHERE," "THE SKETCH," "THE TATLER," "THE BYSTANDER," "BRITANNIA AND EVE," "THE ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS," 65 and 67, Avenue des Champs Elysées, and at BERLIN, 32, Kurfurstendamm, there is a comfortable Reading Room where current and back copies of these publications may be read. In addition, advice and information will gladly be given free of charge on hotels, travel, amusements, shops, and the despatch of packages to all countries throughout the world.

All Continental Business Enquiries should be Addressed to:

PARIS OFFICE: 65-67 Avenue des Champs Elysées. *for* France, Channel Islands, Monaco, Belgium, Holland, Switzerland, Italy, Spain, Portugal, Austria, Czechoslovakia, Hungary, Yugoslavia, and the Balkan States.

BERLIN OFFICE: Kurfürstendamm, 32 *for* Germany, Scandinavia, The Baltic States, Russia and Poland.

THE BYSTANDER
346, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.2.
Telephone: Temple Bar 8020.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

Published Weekly at 1/-	Twelve months, including Double and Xmas Nos.	Six months, including Double Nos.	Three months, no extras.
AT HOME ..	£3 3s. 0d.	£1 11s. 6d.	15s. 9d.
CANADA ..	£3 1s. 0d.	£1 10s. 6d.	15s. 3d.
ELSEWHERE ABROAD ..	£3 7s. 6d.	£1 13s. 9d.	17s. 0d.

In all cases including postage.

ORDER FORM.

TO THE PUBLISHER OF
The Bystander,
346, STRAND,
LONDON, W.C.2.

Please send me THE BYSTANDER,
weekly for _____ *months*
commencing with the issue of
_____
for which I enclose _____
Name _____
Address _____
Date _____ *1934.*

Postage Rates: INLAND 1½d. CANADA and NEWFOUNDLAND 1½d. FOREIGN 3d.

The Bystander, September 4, 1934

The BYSTANDER

No. 1603, Vol. CXXIII

GINGER ROGERS

Ginger Rogers is a film-star who graduated from the Variety stage on which she began her career at the age of fourteen; and four years later she was given her first opportunity in pictures by being tried out in a minor rôle. Since then her rise to fame has been rapid, and she is now known as the "Glamour Girl of the Screen," and will be seen in the current RKO-Radio musical farce, "The Gay Divorce." Rumour relates that she aspires to more serious themes, and her picture shows possibilities in this direction

Full Sail o

Above : Mr. J. Barclay and Mrs. H. Flower armed with binoculars and camera

Above : Miss Dorothy Fane, Miss Angela Manning, Mr. David Clewes and Mr. Robert D. Fayne (at back), coming ashore

Above, left : Miss T. Congdon, Mr. Derek Moore-Brabazon and Miss Evelyn Rennie

Left : Miss Peggy Phillips and Mr. Norman Phillips make for the shore

Below : Young Mr. Dermot Musker, the fifteen-year-old son of Major Musker, winner of the dinghy class from thirty-seven competitors at Bembridge Regatta

Below : Mr. John Findlay and Miss Patsie Crawshay resting between-whiles

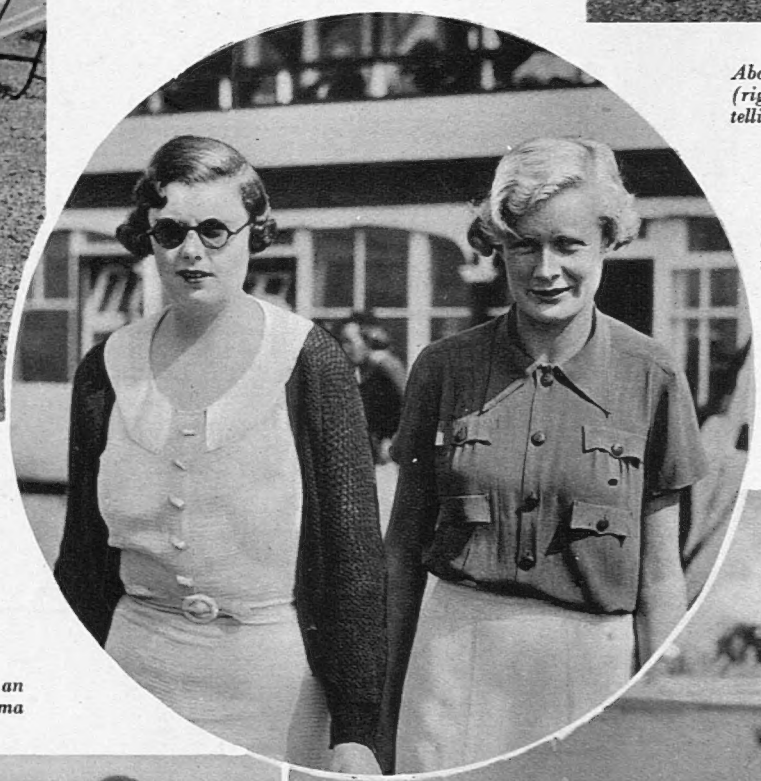
the Solent

Bembridge Sailing Club's Annual Regatta

Above : Miss Rosemary Kerr and Mr. John Hole are amused at being snapped

Above : Major Musker, Mrs. Musker and Miss Niven seen outside the Club

Above : Miss Jean Walcott (right) imparts the latest intelligence to Miss Joan Turnor



Circled, left : Miss G. Turnbull and Miss D. Woodroffe brave the sun hatless

Below : Miss Diana Mills, seated, and Miss Betty Cunningham, with shooting-stick

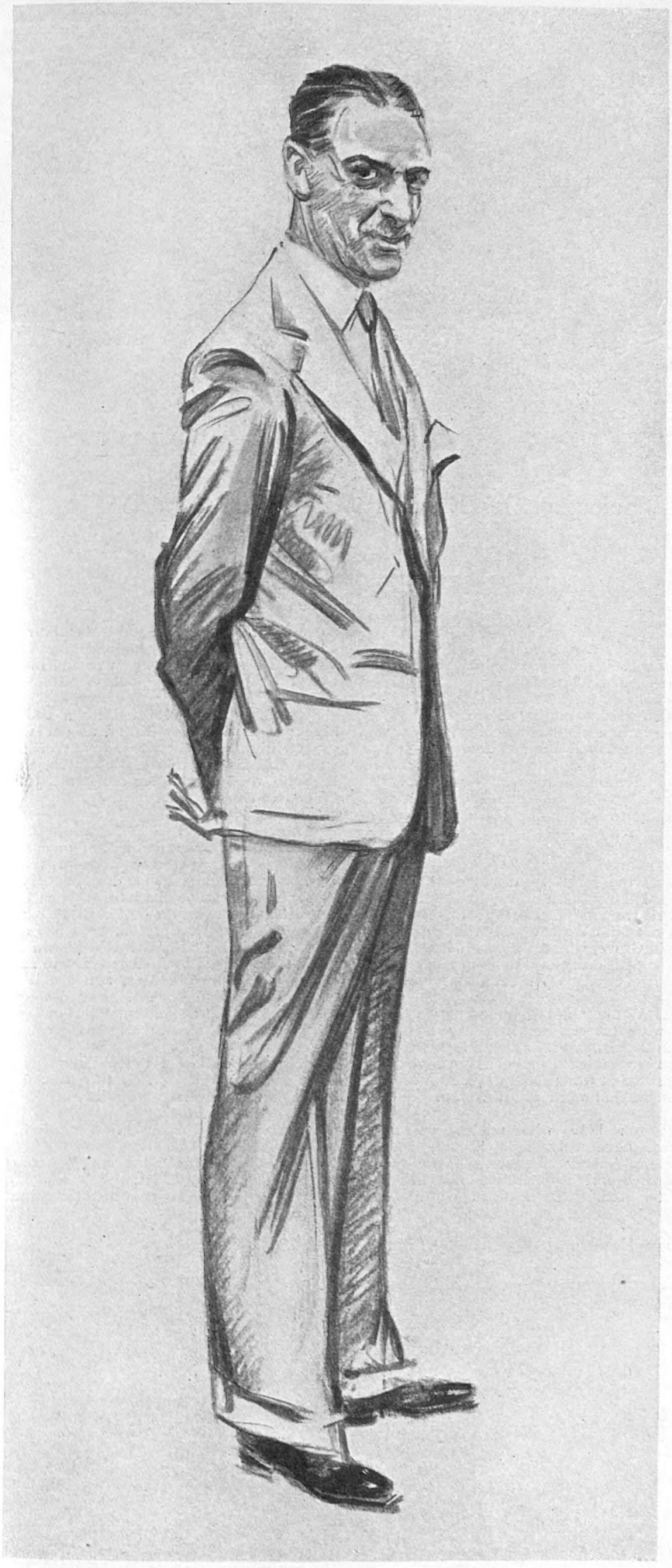
Below : Mrs. Tony Belville, wearing an outsize in goggles, reaches terra-firma

Salute the Happy Pair!

Prince George's Engagement to Princess Marina

Hugh Cecil

IT was while on holiday in Yugoslavia as the guest of Prince and Princess Paul of Yugoslavia, that Prince George announced his engagement to Princess Marina, who was also staying with them. Princess Marina is the daughter of Prince and Princess Nicolas of Greece, and she and her future husband are second cousins. The date of the wedding has not been officially fixed, but it is possible that it will take place at Westminster Abbey in the Spring. Prince George is expected to return to England this week, and at a later date a visit to this country will be paid by Princess Marina, who will be accompanied by her parents



CELEBRITIES in CAMEO

No. 66.

Sir Julien Cahn

Potted by Charles Gay

Caricatured by Sirra

SIR JULIEN CAHN is one of those rare people—the son of a rich man who has quadrupled the fortune that was left to him. As with most other rich men, money does not, however, mean anything to him. He gives away an enormous quantity every year—midwifery, cancer research, orthopædics, and plant-breeding being his favourite objects of charity. He is not good-looking, but who could be, after having been thrown through his own windscreen? Incidentally, he owned the first motor-car ever seen in Nottingham. To-day his chief interest in life is cricket. He has spent thousands in taking teams out to the West Indies, Canada, the Argentine, and other parts of the globe. He insists, however, on being allowed to bowl every now and then. Last year he took sixty wickets, including that of Charlie Harris, the Notts pro., who was considerably ragged about it afterwards. The unconsciously best description of his bowling was written by a gossip-writer (probably a female) who said: "Sir Julien throws the ball well into the air and often gets a good wicket through the batsman making light of the delivery."

ON one occasion, as he often recalls, he captained a team against a lunatic asylum. The star bowler on the other side (once a county player) suddenly stopped and cocked his ear in the midst of his first over. Five minutes later he began to bowl again. It was his delusion that a jazz band was playing inside him and he didn't want to miss any of it.

Sir Julien is always fond of a good story. At Stanford Hall, near Loughborough, where you hear several, he has two private cricket grounds, tennis courts, a squash court, a badminton court, a gymnasium, and a swimming-pool. He has three children, a fondness for music, and a great knowledge of Nottinghamshire folk-lore. He is the Master of the Burton Hunt, the owner of "Everyman," and two of the largest furniture stores in Great Britain. He is a good amateur juggler, won sixty-two thousand five hundred pounds with half a Trigo ticket in the Stock Exchange sweep, has an odd collection of hats, smokes nothing but cigars, week-ends at Claridge's, won't go on an aeroplane, has the best museum of historic cricket-bats in the country, is very superstitious, Chairman of the National Birthday Trust Fund, and Lord of the Manor of Stanford-on-Soar.

What could be more apt?

Decorations by Herbert

Ladies of the Turf

A Selection of Experts Who *Are* Experts

By Quintin Gilbey

WHAT does the average woman know about racing? Absolutely nothing; and when most women air their opinions on the Sport of Kings, hot air is the inevitable result.

VERY few women are experts on any particular subject. Undeterred by the axiom that a little knowledge is a dangerous thing, they prefer to know a very little about a number of subjects.

Racing cannot be picked up in a few days or even a few years, and the longer one goes racing the more one finds there is to learn.

THE average woman one meets in the Members' Enclosure has picked up a few crumbs of knowledge from the table of her husband and boy friend, and with these she wages war on owners, trainers, and jockeys. She is always tremendously critical. The jockey who gets beaten a head has always thrown the race away, or the owner and trainer has had it pulled. Do you wonder why we wretched men love Epsom, where women are not allowed in the Members' Enclosure?

THERE are, however, God be praised, a number of ladies living in the land who ARE experts, and whose opinion I would as soon seek as any man's I know, and it is of these ladies I intend to write to-day. I do not pretend that my list of intelligent racing women is anything like complete, so, Madam, just because you do not find your name included, do not jump to the conclusion that I have deliberately insulted you. The names I have mentioned are the ones that first came to my mind. There are doubtless many more.

FIRST and foremost comes Miss Norah Wilmot, the most wonderful woman with horses I have ever met. Ladies are not allowed trainers' licences in this country, otherwise Miss Wilmot would have one. At Binfield Grove, where she has a large string of horses, Rickards has the licence, but it is an open secret that Miss Wilmot holds the reins.

MISS WILMOT not only has a wonderful way with horses, she also has one with human beings, and during all the time I have been racing I have never heard her say an unkind word about anyone, or anyone say an unkind word about Norah.

ANOTHER lady who might, were she allowed, have a trainer's licence, is the Hon. Mrs. Aubrey Hastings, who for many years acted as right-hand man to her husband at Wroughton. At his death she continued to act as manager of the stable for Ivor Anthony. Mrs. Hastings knows more about steeplechasing than any woman in the world.

ANOTHER lady well fitted for a trainer's licence is Mrs. Victor Tabor, as one would expect from a sister of Percy Woodland, while Mrs. Sam Darling, née Marsh, would be quite good enough for me if the Jockey Club ever lift the ban.

I NOW come to two ladies whose knowledge on the intricate subject of breeding is equal to that of any man—they are Mrs. Featherstonhaugh and Mrs. Clayton. Mrs. Featherstonhaugh's late husband acted as racing manager for H.M. the King for many years. Mrs. Clayton, who is French by birth, is, I think, the best-known lady on the Turf, and has been referred to as the doyen of the Regularesses, and she is also a very famous hostess. Her daughter, Jeanne, is also an enthusiastic owner of racehorses, and extremely knowledgeable.

Two more ladies of the older school are Lady Ludlow and Mrs. Arthur James. Both ladies have rendered splendid service to the Turf as owners of racehorses, and both have very decided opinions.

IF a vote were taken for our most charming lady owner I have little doubt that Lady Fitzwilliam would be returned the winner.

The Hon. Mrs. V. Beatty and the Hon. Mrs. George Lambton

Lady Rosebery

Mrs. Edward Clayton

Lady Jardine

The Hon. Mrs. Aubrey Hastings

Mrs. Rank

Mrs. Vernet

Lady Carnarvon

Lady Evelyn Beauchan

As one expects from a sister of Lord Zetland, Lady Fitzwilliam knows the game backwards. She trains, of course, with her brother, Lord George Dundas. The stable does not bet, with the result that their horses often come up at 20-1 and beat something we 've had a gamble on.

JUST because a woman happens to be married to a trainer it does not mean that she is an authority on racing, any more than a plumber's wife would necessarily suggest an efficient remedy for a leaking bathroom tap. In the same way, though, that some plumbers' wives know all about plumbing, some trainers' wives know all about training, and two of these ladies are the Hon. Mrs. George Lambton and Hon. Mrs. Sandy Beatty, by common consent the best lady judge of a plater in England.

As the wife of the greatest man with horses in our time, Mrs. George Lambton has had unrivalled opportunities, and right good use she has made of them, and on the occasions when her husband has been laid up with ill-health, she has superintended the stable most efficiently. Mrs. Lambton has strong views of her own, does not suffer fools gladly, and is a devoted mother.

APART from her enviable reputation as a judge of a plater, Mrs. Beatty is a good judge of any other kind of horse; very good-looking, she is a fine horsewoman, and the safest confidante for a secret I know—she might possibly tell Vandy, but nobody else. This quality gets Sybil Beatty a lot of winners. A patron of the Beatty stable is Miss Monica Sheriffe, tall, dark, good-looking, very knowledgeable, and with a very advanced sense of humour and of the ridiculous.

"Women are not allowed in the Members' Enclosure"

YOU cannot discuss racing for more than five minutes without someone mentioning Mrs. Rank. A Sunday paper described her as petite, blue-eyed and pretty, all of which was quite true, but it did not tell you that she is the kindest-hearted woman we have any of us ever met, and that she has a sense of humour of the same proportions, and that in the comparatively few years she has been associated with the turf she has become one of our most popular lady owners.

I HAVE purposely refrained from mentioning betting, either in connection with Mrs. Rank, or any of our other lady punters, holding that the size of a wager only concerns two people—the punter who made it and the bookmaker who laid it. In the event of neither settling, it becomes, of course, the business of Tattersall's Committee, but we are not concerned with that here.

A LADY to whom we owe a debt of gratitude, in that she races on the best lines and is keen on her friends backing her winners, is Mrs. Glorney. Mrs. Glorney, who is American, is tremendously keen, and unlike some people I could mention, derives real pleasure out of owning race-horses.

MISS DOROTHY PAGET'S name, through Golden Miller, is more associated with the jumping game than flat racing, but she has expended a vast amount of money in forming the nucleus of a very fine stud, and I am sure that it is only a matter of time before her name figures high in the list of winning owners.

MISS PAGET is tremendously reserved, and no-one can be said to know her well, but we know her to be devoted to her horses, and she races on the very best of lines. Miss Paget is renowned for her late rising and early settling.

ONE of our most enthusiastic lady owners is Mrs. Evans, but, unfortunately, her horses this season have been dead out of form. Mrs. Evans was beloved by a previous generation of theatre-goers when she was known as Miss Camille Clifford, and at a recent performance for charity she delighted a number of young people, many of whom had never even heard of a Gibson Girl.

I HAVE so far confined myself to lady owners, but I must now devote a few words to some ladies who, although they do not actually own horses themselves, are nevertheless, feminine pillars of the Turf, in so much that they rarely miss a meeting and are extremely decorative and vive. They also know the game from A to Z.

THEIR names are Lady Rosebery, Lady Stanley, Lady de Trafford, Lady Carnarvon, Lady Jardine and Lady Evelyn Beauchamp. With the exception of Lady Evelyn Beauchamp, all these ladies are wives of prominent owners.

(Continued on page 442)

Miss Monica Sheriffe

The Hon. Dorothy Paget

Second Thoughts on First Nights

Incidents and Coincidence

"Queer Cargo" (Piccadilly)

HERE 'S melodrama back again with a vengeance—or, rather, without it—which shows the difference between the old blood-and-thunder and the new. When the Princess's and Adelphi were staging strong stuff, in the 'eighties, you might be certain of one thing, and that was, before the curtain fell virtue would triumph and vice be in for the deuce of a bad time. Comic constables were always on hand to lead away the dirty dog in the melodrama to make acquaintance with the hangman's rope or, at least, allow him to repent of his aims for life in a felon's cell.

Mr. Noel Langley, author of *Queer Cargo*, starting off on board ship in the good old way, with a sea captain hero, a lovely heroine (somewhat anæmic, poor dear), comic relief provided by an elderly parson and his sister, and a sinister villain in the shape of a pirate, it was terribly disappointing when, at the finish, the pirate got off scot-free instead of being arrested on sight by the bright young naval lieutenant, who arrives on the tramp steamer at a most opportune moment.

WHAT was worse, and what shattered the rules of melodrama completely was that it was the hero who got the villain out of the Navy's clutches.

This was really extremely naughty of the leading man, because it is grossly unfair to show magnaminity (applauded from the gallery) at the expense of others and allow so dangerous a character to go; it gave him the opportunity to continue his piratical career in the China seas and cause the Navy any amount of further bother in chasing him.

Then, again, before the pirate came aboard, the crew had mutinied and attempted to commit murder into the bargain; and here also the hero seemed blissfully unconscious of his duty, because, unless I missed some vital line in the terrible noise which proceeded from the stage, where someone was trying to shout the other fellow down, nothing indicated that the crew would not be free to play the same game again.

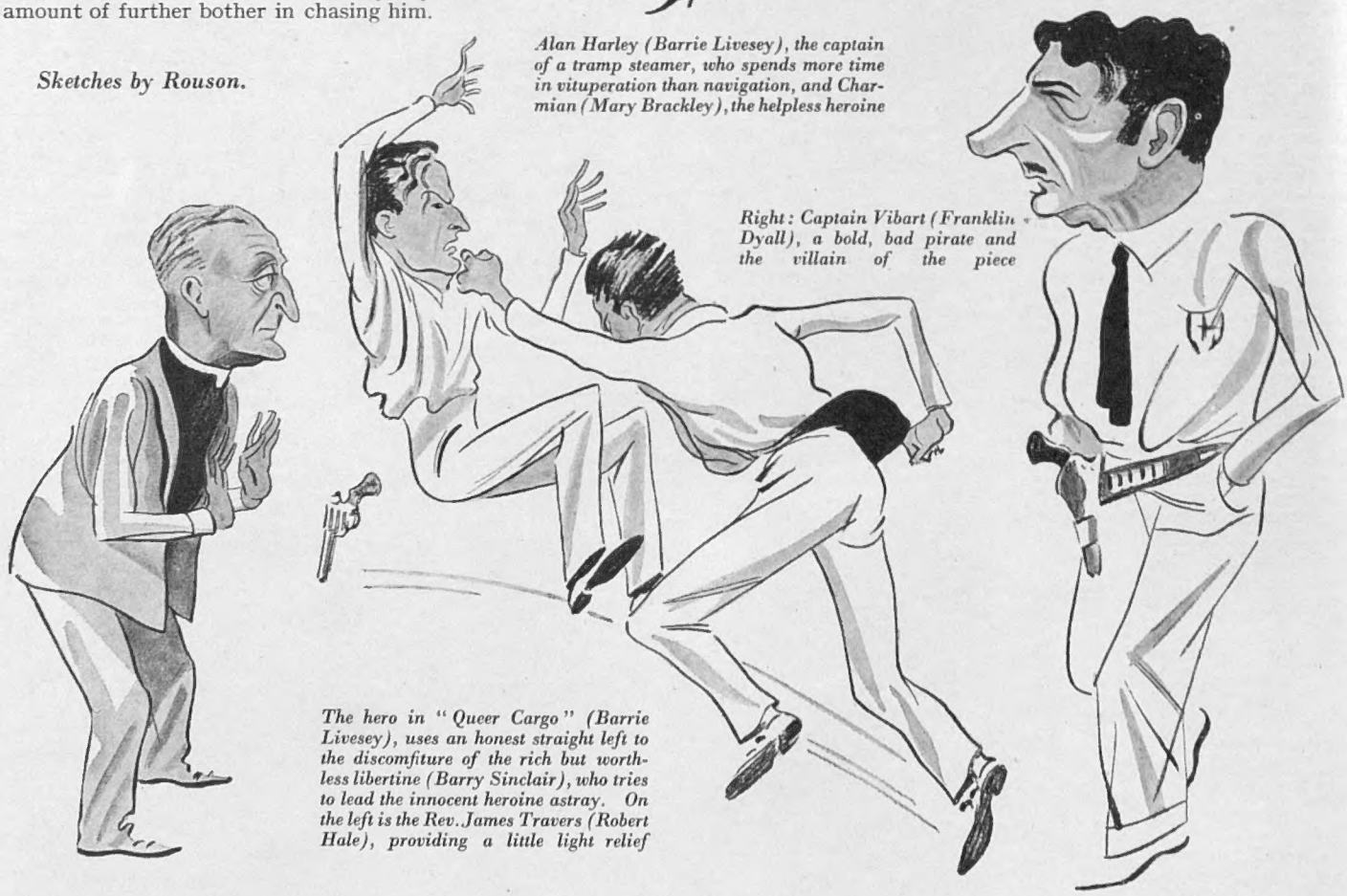
In addition to breaking with tradition in this daring manner, Mr. Langley has broken the long arm of coincidence by stretching it on the rack. When the pirate arrived with nefarious intent, having got wind of some valuable pearls aboard, one might believe in the chance of his previous acquaintance with the captain, who had saved his life in times past; but when, in addition, we learn that he also knows one of the passengers who had tried to rob him of a life-belt when most required, and, thirdly, that the parson aboard had helped the pirate to escape from hanging, I marvelled at the author's moderation in not giving a spot of colour to the heroine, by making her the pirate's ex-mistress!

QUITE apart from coincidence, the author made a mistake in starting his play on too high a note. The first act was so full of excitement, incident and shouting that, had the other acts been written crescendo, I doubt if the cast could possibly have called on their lungs for further effort. In consequence, the later stages of the play savoured of anti-climax; but the majority of the audience didn't seem to think so, and I award a biscuit (to be exchanged for a throat lozenge if preferred) to the members of the company, especially mentioning Barrie Livesey as the hero-captain, who tackled his part in quite the right way. Franklin Dyall is a super-villainous pirate bold, and Robert Hale and Drusilla Wills played the comic relief without making it appear too obvious.

VERNON WOODHOUSE.

Alan Harley (Barrie Livesey), the captain of a tramp steamer, who spends more time in vituperation than navigation, and Charmian (Mary Brackley), the helpless heroine

Sketches by Rouson.



Right: Captain Vibart (Franklin Dyall), a bold, bad pirate and the villain of the piece

The hero in "Queer Cargo" (Barrie Livesey), uses an honest straight left to the discomfiture of the rich but worthless libertine (Barry Sinclair), who tries to lead the innocent heroine astray. On the left is the Rev. James Travers (Robert Hale), providing a little light relief

Mrs. O'Malley-Keyes, who is so closely associated with Biarritz, with Mr. Christian Dudaure, who is to marry Miss June O'Malley-Keyes this month in Paris

The Hon. Jack Michelham, who is spending most of his time on a yacht, seen on the sands at Deauville with Miss Anne-Marie Block, a sub-débutante daughter of the Belgian industrialist

Two Points of the Compass in France

The Photographers Busy at Biarritz and Deauville

Cocktails at the famous Bar Basque at Biarritz. Left to right: Mrs. John Howland, Mr. J. Jessop, Miss L. Broughton, Mr. John Howland, Mr. and Mrs. P. S. Budges and, in front centre, Mr. Francis Cadenas

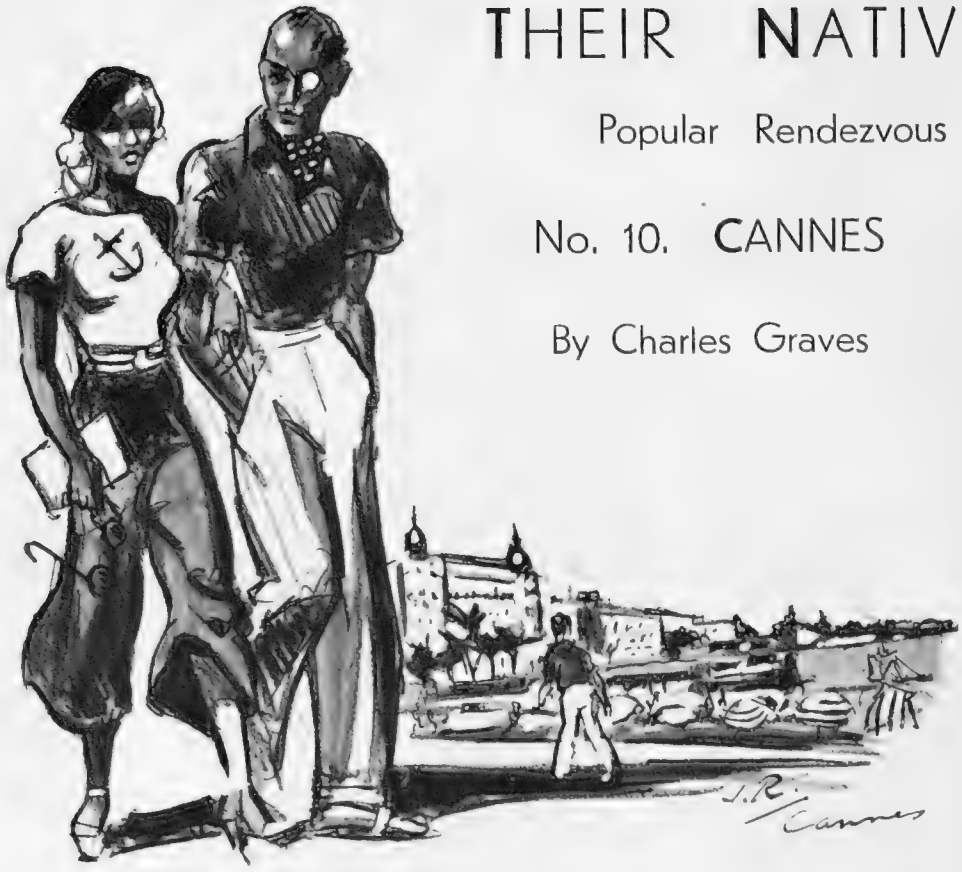
Miss Gladys Sammut, who is wearing a golf suit of green and brown, photographed taking a look at the bathers and sun-bathers at Deauville before her morning round

THEIR NATIVE HEATH . . .

Popular Rendezvous and Their Patrons

No. 10. CANNES

By Charles Graves



WITH the possible exception of Juan les Pins, I have never seen so many sleek, shining motor-cars as there are at Cannes. If you sit on the Croisette you see the number-plates of all the nations glide past while their owners gaze through their sun-spectacles to see which of their friends are parked under the pink and white parasols of the Miramar Bar, or the larches and eucalypti (I *think* they are eucalypti) of the Martinez. If they don't see them there they know that they will show up at dinner at Chez Victor, and after midnight at Chez Florence. These are the four rendezvous of the English and Americans at Cannes. Which is all very convenient in this lovely hot climate. You do not have to go searching far for people.

NOTHING can be more attractive than Chez Victor. It is at the far end of the Croisette towards Palm Beach. You walk up three or four stone steps and then make your way past two little tanks. One contains live blue trout, of course. The other has dozens of those charming little demoiselles de Cherbourg. Every now and then a guest orders some, and a flapping bundle passes your table on the way to the open-air grill. The tables are all out of doors set among peach trees and orange trees. It could not be more attractive. The waiters wear black trousers and white mess jackets. The head waiter wears palm beach suits, and Victor himself is in a dinner jacket with the only stiff shirt-front you are likely to see on the Riviera. There is a first-class coloured band, with one of the best pianists on the Continent.

Sitting over in a corner we see Peggy Hopkins Joyce wearing a tiny blue béret on her blonde locks and the "chandelier" on the fourth finger of her right hand. Having once been dazzled by this marvellous 39-carat diamond, one completely forgets what else she is wearing or whom she is with. It is Peggy who has introduced the game of "teasing carnations"—a silly but amusing game with those pretty flowers which is far too horticultural and complicated to explain.

At another table are the Emerson Bainbridges. He comes from Ross-shire, is very rich and practically never gambles. She is a blonde, too, and wears blue shorts. At Chez Victor one wears anything—slashed skirts, blue trousers, shorts, white flannels, and even dinner jackets. Time and conventions and dress mean nothing under the velvety blue sky sprinkled with stars. The Bainbridges are with the Guy Charltons and Lady Seafield and her husband. We saw them over at Monte Carlo last week. But then, the Riviera is rather like Mayfair in a way. In London one follows the extension night from the Monseigneur to the Café de Paris, and from the Embassy to the Café Anglais. In the south it is the gala night which is the objective, and we chase them all along the coast. Lady Seafield and Derek Studley Herbert were in Innsbruck two hours before the Chief of Police was shot there the other day. Now they are staying at the Burton Villa up at Mougins.

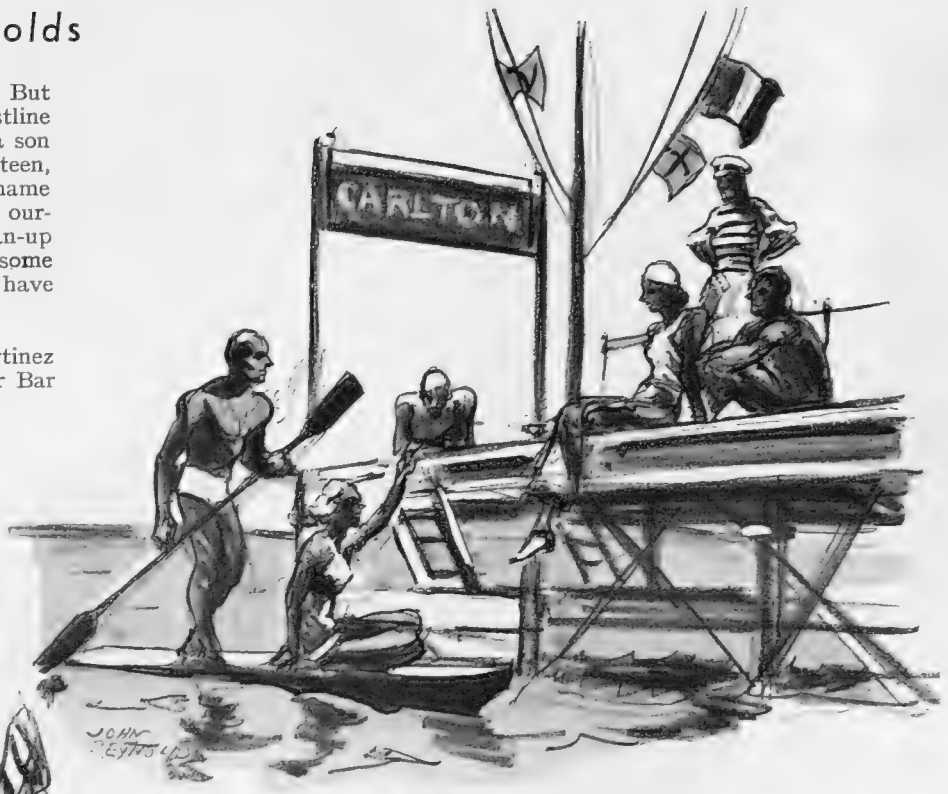
Henri Garat, the blonde film-star who was in so many of Lilian Harvey's pictures, is dancing with a very pretty girl. So is Roland Toutin, the most daring acrobatic flyer in France. Anyone who knows Chez Florence in Paris must know Toutin. Seated in a far corner is the dark, sleek Mrs. Marriott, daughter of Otto Kahn—and very good-looking, too. Graham White is here also. His yacht is in the harbour. Altogether, the place is full of English and Americans.

BUT come on to Chez Florence. This is partly under cover, the walls covered with futuristic frescoes denoting the capitals of the world—London, Paris, Berlin, New York, Madrid, and Rome. There is also a little grove of green fig-trees. This, too, is presided over by Victor—the best restaurant-manager who

Sketches by John Reynolds

ever left London. It is ten years ago now. But he has hardly changed. Perhaps his waistline has become a trifle generous, and he has a son of eighteen as well as a daughter of fifteen, both at school in England. What a shame his name is "on the gate." Between ourselves, if it had not been for Victor, the clean-up of the night-clubs—and, incidentally, of some of the West-End police—would never have been possible.

But I have said nothing of the Martinez Bar, which shares with the Miramar Bar the smart clientèle of almost the whole Riviera between six p.m. and nine p.m. People come for their apéritifs from their villas and the Palm Beach not so much to drink as to hear the gossip of the night before. Look at plump, soft-voiced, puzzled-looking Bertie Meyer, dancing with Betty Sinclair, who, if



An impression of the Carlton Plage at Cannes

blacked, would make the perfect "Les Girl." Bertie is with some Egyptian friends. I wonder what his next show in London will be.

Over there is Jack Wilson, the grey-haired secretary of Noel Coward, with a young man whose face seems vaguely familiar; and look at John Loder in his yellow Lacoste. The great tennis-player is sure of immortality if only because he has given his name to the short-sleeved singlet with the open-neck collar. And can that be Lady Mendl, the former Elsa Woolfe? It can, and must be. Look at the hat she is wearing. Besides, there is her husband. Nor is there any mistaking the good looks of Mrs. John Wanamaker. As for "Babe" Barnato, how glad he must be that he has given up track-driving. Although this is August they had snow at Grenoble in the big Alpine race.

Over there is Maître Tanger. Remember his name. If you ever get into trouble in France, he is your man. Very dark and smart, they say he is rapidly taking the place of Moro-Jaffery as the best lawyer in France. He is a member of the English Bar, too, I fancy. Lady Phyllis Allen, slim, trouble-eyed but remarkably popular, is at another table in a green bathing-dress adorned with an anchor.

Another client is the Duke of Sutherland, not to mention Lady Castlerosse and Elsa Maxwell, whose new book is just out. And Chatto Elizaga, who is married at last, and who gave that Roman party five years ago at Biarritz which any of us who went to will never forget. Chatto is a lot of fun. It is a pity that he is going to go and live in Mexico—if he really *is* going to do what he says.

Look again—there is Mrs. Barney in dove-grey trousers. Her hair is fairer and she looks very well. And Mrs. Reggie Fellowes, whom we saw at Monte Carlo.

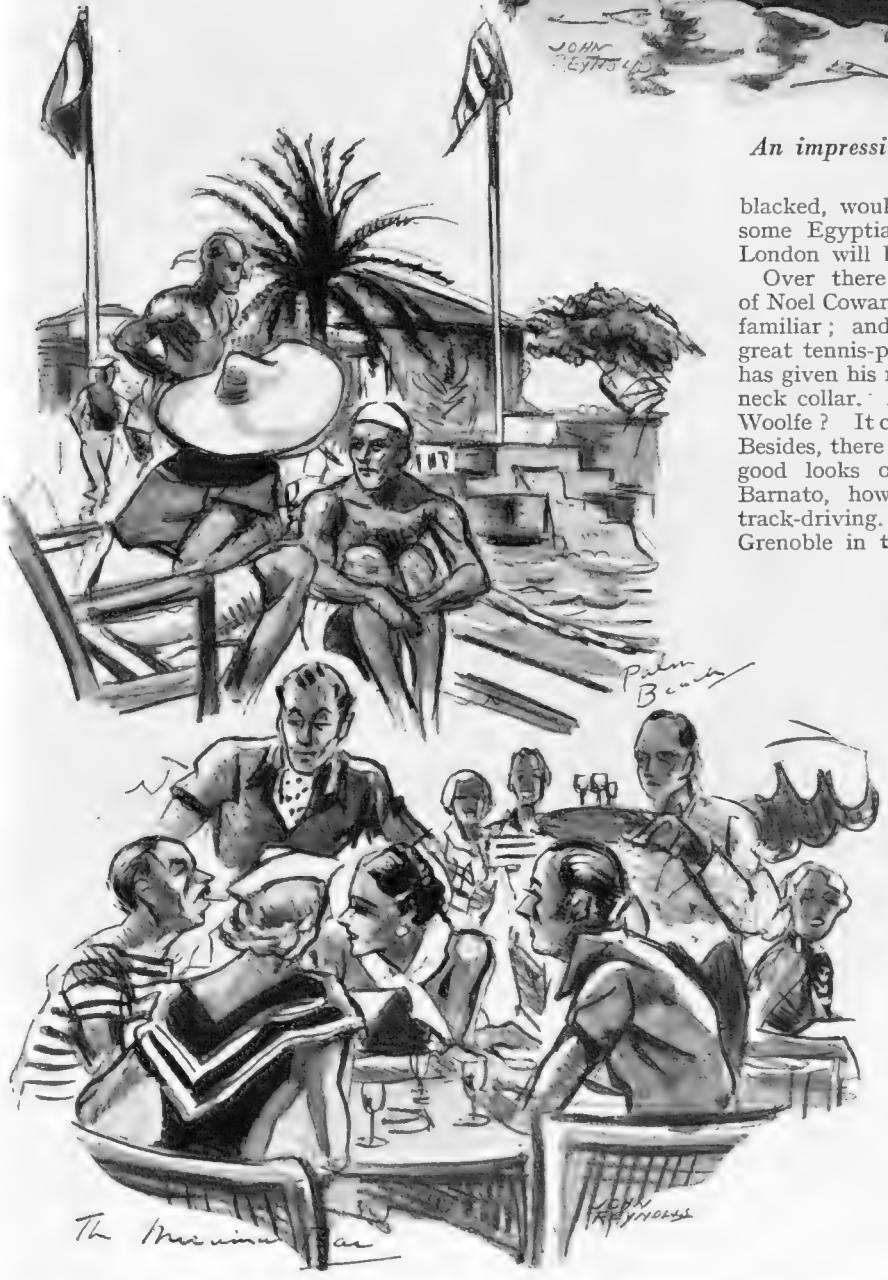
"Waiter, bring me an export cassis."

"Mais oui, Monsieur."

Yes, it is very pleasant in the south, especially when we read in the newspapers of the vile weather there has been in England.

"Waiter, I have changed my mind. Bring me a champagne cocktail."

"Certainly, sir."



Bathers at Palm Beach and enjoying apéritifs at the Miramar Bar, Cannes

In and Out of Town

Faces Seen by Molly Bishop

Miss Merle Oberon, the famous film-star, lunching at Quaglino's. She was wearing a banana-coloured suit and blue fox fur

The Hon. Mrs. George Borwick at the Ritz. She was in London for a few days, having deserted her seaside house at Aldwick Bay, Sussex

Lord Erroll in London, previous to departing on the following day for his farm in Kenya

Princess Paul Troubetzkoy at her cocktail bar, which she designed herself, in her all-white flat in Berkeley Square

Standing By . . .

A Weekly Commentary on One Thing and Another

By "The Bystanders"

A Busy Little Bee

WE wonder what Mr. Walter Elliott is thinking about the activities of the new Minister of Transport, and with that we would like to couple a few rather profound observations about the fickleness of public applause, about the instability of fame, and the fleeting what-do-you-call-'ems of human life. Look at this our Government, for instance. When the National Government was first formed to save the country from the appalling and irreparable disaster of going off the gold standard, a task it gallantly carried out for at least four days, it was Mr. Ramsay Macdonald who stood top-hatted in the limelight. And where is Mr. Macdonald to-day? Labrador or somewhere. Then came Ottawa, and it was Mr. J. H. Thomas' turn. He saved the Empire at Ottawa, with such sureness of touch and charm of manner, that it may take years to undo all he did for us. Mr. Chamberlain popped in and out of the news from time to time, and Sir John Simon could always be relied upon for a good sound blunder once a month or so. But it was Mr. Elliott who showed his colleagues a thing or two about publicity. Neither Barnum, no, nor Lord George Sanger, had anything on Mr. Elliott when it came to showmanship. And now Mr. E.'s nose is being slightly put out of joint by Mr. Hore-Belisha. Traffic-lanes, helicoper-inspections, transport-acts, personal tours on Bank Holiday. All these were opening shots in the great campaign. Now come the new zones of silence in London. What about an experimental zone of silence round Mr. Hore-Belisha, eh, Mr. Elliott? And then you could put one of your sweet little quotas upon Hampshire caviar, or something.

Bravo, John Henry

THE great Mr. J. H. Taylor, five times Open Champion, one of the immortal triumvirate, has just spoken a bib-full. In a dignified letter to *The Times* newspaper he inquires whether it is not time to drop the phrase, "it isn't cricket," and to substitute for it, "it isn't golf." And, by thunder, Mr. Taylor is right. Golf is a noble game, calling for self-restraint and courtesy and calmness, for quietness in the hour of victory and dignity in defeat. Golfers do not announce that they will walk off the field if an opponent uses a high-pitched mashie-niblick shot; they do not squeal with rage if they are defeated; they do not throw clubs at the spectators (as a certain lawn-tennis racket is alleged to have been thrown recently), nor do they question the decisions of the umpire on those incredibly rare occasions when an umpire is called upon to make a decision. And let those who still champion the cause of cricket ponder upon the recent incident in the match between Sussex and Lancashire. Mr. Duckworth appealed for a catch against Mr. Parks. The answer was "not out." Mr. Parks, under the impression that he was out, started to walk to the Pavilion. Mr. Duckworth promptly stumped him. There is no good saying "it isn't cricket," because that is the whole of our argument. It is cricket.

"Well, is this one in?"

But the Liner, She's a Lady

AT least Mr. Kipling said so. His lordship of Castlerosse appears to differ slightly, for he remarks in his book that a liner is like a girl: she has to be young and fast to attract a crowd. But perhaps that is just his lordship's little joke. Anyway, the point is, what is going to be the name of the new Cunarder? Britannia? Victoria? Megalomania? Who can say? We are authorised, however, to deny that she is likely to be called Cafeteria, Vulgaria, Septicæmia, or the Sir John Reith.

"He says he wants us to stay for dinner"

That Will Teach Them

NO-ONE can say that the British Board of Admiralty ever sleeps. We may frolic and gambol and frivol, but our tireless guardians maintain their eternal vigil in Whitehall. The wooden walls of Old England. That is what they are. While the news of Japan's cruisers, of Italy's battle-ships, of France's submarines, was spinning round the world, we wondered what our Admiralty would produce in reply. Were they dozing, the old sea-dogs? Captain, art tha' sleeping there below? Not they. Not he. With a devastating thunderclap came the answering bomb-shell. A Fleet Order was issued. "Existing square pattern silk (handkerchief) for ratings dressed as seamen will be replaced by an oblong pattern (50 in. by 12 in.). Now, then, foreigners. What about it? Eh?

Prussian Efficiency

DURING the recent fun and games in Germany, you may remember, dear hearts, that a vote was taken for and against Herr Hitler becoming something-or-other in addition to the thingummy-bobs that he is already. The Prussian boys were determined that everyone should vote. But the fat lady of Reinickendorf could not walk to the poll, and she was too large to get into a motor-car. Were the boys discouraged? Not they. They fetched up a break-down lorry fitted with a crane. The local sylph was hoisted on to the lorry. At the polling station a special alcove had to be curtained off for the nymph. If she had a shred of humour she would have spoiled her voting paper, and said so. But, alas! the Prussian girls have about as much sense of humour as the Prussian boys, and we cannot go lower than that.

Poor Corsica

SO the island of Napoleon is free at last from bandits. The only survivor of the gang of the great Spada has given himself up and the maquis has lost its last scoundrel and its last romance. Perhaps it is all for the best. Perhaps again it is not. But it does seem to us, old fogies that we are (fetch out the old uniform, khitmutgar; we would like to show this little fellow what his granddad looked like in the Great Mutiny), as we were saying, it does seem to us that Spada's bandits did add a spice of romance to life, whereas the modern scoundrel who merges companies and fakes balance-sheets and draws up bogus prospectuses, contributes no speck of romance to modern life. Unless, of course, he gets a peerage, in which case the cheaper newspapers spring to attention with shrieks of "Office-boy's romance."

Don't Let it Spread, Girls!

A CERTAIN very, very distinguished gentleman of a certain very, very, distinguished nation was recently inspecting the manœuvres of the army. He approached the field-kitchens and tasted the mutton. Then he had a dip at the tomato-soup. Just as he was about to have a spoonful, a camera-man came oiling up, with his lethal weapon all ready. The distinguished gentleman spotted him, however, and whirled upon him in a fury. "I will not be photographed while I am eating," he exclaimed, whereupon the camera-man prudently oiled away. But what is all right for distinguished gents must not be considered all right for you, lovelies. What should we do if you all suddenly struck, and refused to be photographed toying with a poussin at Chez This, or dallying with a quail at Chez That? And, good Heavens, if you refused to be photographed at supper at a Hunt Ball? The world would be a duller, drabber place, if those delicious pictures of long rows of boiled halibuts at Hunt Balls no longer appeared. So admire the distinguished gent., sweet ones, but do not imitate him.

A Great Amateur

THE late Sir Nigel Playfair was an amateur of the theatre in the best sense of the word. He never got into a groove. (except perhaps the very tiny one of over-stocking his stage with crystal chandeliers), and he was always ready for experiment. We will never forget the excitement that was caused by his discovery, one might almost say by his invention, of the Lyric, Hammersmith, and how all theatrical London made the pilgrimage to see *Abraham Lincoln*. After *Lincoln* came Miss Athène Seyler's exquisite Rosalind in *As You Like It*, and then, if our memory is not astray, a play by Mr. St. John Ervine, and then the record-breaking cracker-jack, *The Beggar's Opera*. The Hammersmith pilgrimage became the Hammersmith habit, and Sir Nigel's place in the dramatic history of this country was assured for ever.

A New One on Us

WE were under the impression that our happy little Syndicate included a technical expert on every

THE OLD SCHOOL TIE

No. 14.—Oundle

Red, white and blue are the colours O.O.'s sport—
If you say they 're garish you 'll prove that you 're no sport.

A Lord Mayor of London, one Laxton by name,
Who lived in the reign of Queen Bess,
Said: "I 'll build me a school which shall soar to great fame,"
And he then founded Oundle—no less;
So the boys who now go to that school in Northants,
To play hearty games and to row,
And also to emulate hard-working ants,
A deep debt of gratitude owe
To Sir William, and likewise the Grocers whose bent is
To act for this old school in loco parentis.

The new boy at Oundle soon learns he must not
Put his hands in his pockets, for he
Will certainly catch it—and catch it darned hot—
If he scorns this unwritten decree.
But life is quite pleasant for those who obey
All traditions and no "bloomers" make,
For there is not much fagging, and every day
Luscious buns can be had at First Break;
And as Scotsmen might say (if so minded), "It 's uncu
Guid" to be one of the single-file bun queue.

Extra halfs are no rarity here, be it said—
They are frequently granted, in fact—
For the flower of youth have a "Bud" for a Head
Who has sympathy, insight and tact.
The Corps is the pride of the school, since its size
And efficiency both bear the stamp
Of outstanding merit, so envious eyes
Are soon focused on Oundle in camp,
And the school prospers so that no low-minded hound 'll
Dare to hurl brick-bats at those who 're at Oundle.

B. W.

"I mean it's all so delightfully unstuffy"

"Well, anyhow, that's the way he used to ride"

known outdoor sport and pastime, including Tibetan fives (a game played against the buttresses of the Bung-Ho monastery near Lhasa), Formosan marbles, and Harrow football. But we were wrong. For when we directed our racing expert, the Reverend Alb. Rubric, to visit Hastings and write a report on the International Water Polo match between England and Scotland, we were horrified to find that he knew nothing about the finer points of the game. We decided, therefore, that the whole Syndicate should proceed to Hastings, having first taken the precaution of visiting the petty-cash box. We were well repaid for our trouble, for we saw not only the water-polo match (and between ourselves it struck us as a grand game for dirty play), but some spectacular high-diving, and some terrifying fire-works. Also Mr. Temme, the insurance clerk, who swims backwards and forwards across the Channel at a great rate for no apparent reason than his own amusement. After all, the best of reasons.

Our Little Violets

The more we study publishers' announcements the more convinced we are that it was a publisher who inspired Sir James Barrie to create some of his dainty little whimsies. There is something elfish about them, something poignantly wistful and yet bravely gay, something almost fragrantly gallant. A book was published by one of them last week, and the wee winsome fellow (look at his blue eyes, my dear. Just like saucers) put a teeny, tiny notice about it in one of the Sunday newspapers, in which he said it had been compared to Hardy, Borrow, Blackmore (who wrote *Lorna Doone*), Meredith, Emily Brontë, and one or two other nibs of note. There, there, little man, don't cry. I am sure that kind Sir James will write a little play for you called *The Publisher That Likes To Be Visited.*

Colonel Fawcett Again

The story of Colonel Fawcett and his expedition into the Brazilian jungle is a certain winner in Fleet Street. This week the old, old story is off again. A Zeppelin is being built to go and find him. And not only him. Pygmies as well, and the Treasure of the Incas, and the Tobermory Galleon, and King John's Crown, and, we hear, great things are hoped by the nephews and nieces of old Thomas Cobbleigh that the old chap may be found, and all.

The Bystanders.

Lady Ursula Manners, Miss Diana Esmond and Lady Isobel Manners on the first tee at North Berwick

Miss "Prim" Gordon, daughter of Mr. C. W. Gordon, of Boveridge Park, Salisbury, well-known in the racing world, and Mr. Peter Marsham, son of the Hon. Sidney Marsham and Mrs. Marsham

In Bracing Northern Air

Holiday-Makers on the Links

Left: Miss Gwyneth Ballantyne, Miss Shiona MacGregor and Miss Grizelda Ballantyne at North Berwick, seen under one umbrella

Above: The Duchess of Northumberland with her elder daughter, the Lady Elizabeth Percy, at the Alnmouth Links, Foxton, Northumberland

Lord Derby on the links at Gullane, where he is staying for a summer holiday

GOING OUT to GOINGS-ON

The "Bystander" in Society

Sketches by Molly Bishop

Watching the Cricket at Bournemouth

Above: Lady Tennyson watching her husband playing for Hampshire v. Yorkshire at Bournemouth. She was wearing a white beret adorned with a scarlet feather and a white wool coat, fastening at the neck with a big black button. On the right is Mr. Alfred Tennyson, Lord Tennyson's cousin, who is a cricket "fan"

Right: Mrs. J. B. Walker was in Lady Tennyson's party. Her husband owns a stud at Newmarket, a beautiful house at Yarmouth, I.O.W., and a flat in Berkeley Square

Now is the season when the Court is at Balmoral, and in the Highlands take place those wonderful gatherings of piping and athletics, known as Games.

It was there that the news of the royal engagement was received with the greatest of pleasure, and not only at Court but throughout the Empire, too, for Prince George has made himself popular wherever he has gone, and he is a much-travelled man. With the King's semi-Jubilee celebrations and a Royal Wedding as well, 1935 should provide the gayest season London has had for many years.

Among the many who have been in London during August is Lady Alington. She is seen here at the Ritz

Just previous to the announcement, Prince George attended the Toscanini concert at Salzburg with Prince Paul of Yugoslavia and Princess Marina, to whom the Austrian papers, with an intelligent anticipation much to be commended, had quite correctly affianced him.

Mention of Salzburg reminds me that the festival this year has attracted to the town many well-known people, and the Toscanini concerts have proved the greatest musical treats possible. It is a pity that this giant among conductors (yet he is small in stature, with a Paderewski-like head) will not conduct in any countries except America, France and Austria. Mr. Sidney Beer has had his Schloss Aigen well filled with music-lovers all the festival: Lady Carnarvon, Miss Diana Forbes-Robertson, and Countess Seher-Torss, a fine Brunnhilde-type, have been there nearly all the time. Captain and Mrs. Bobby Jenkinson and Mr. James Hamilton have been other visitors, but there was a great disappointment in store for Mr. Beer when Lady Dashwood had to put him off at the last minute. She was almost stepping into the train at Venice for Salzburg when she heard that her son was ill with appendicitis.

Princess Nathalie Paley (Mme. Lucien Lelong) lunched at the schloss with Miss Olga Lynn; other visitors have been Piatigorsky, the great 'cellist, Prince and Princess Kinsky, and Dr. Clemens Kraus. Lord Tredegar's wit has been well to the fore: I learnt from him amusing stories of a Russian great-grandmother who has descendants in the Pembroke, Anglesey, and Tredegar families. She lived in the Caucasian mountains, wore armour, had a body-guard of 200 soldiers, and a collection of 200 dwarfs, recruited from all parts.

Looking at the Italian Lakes from the Villa d'Este at Como

Captain and Mrs. Leslie Gamage on holiday in Italy in the garden of the Villa d'Este, Como

Commendatori Antonio Scotti, the famous baritone, with Lady Hirst at Villa d'Este

Count J. Sierstorpff and Baroness Bonstetten after enjoying a bathe in the Lake of Como

WITH, of course, many exceptions, I think our prestige would be enhanced in Salzburg if some of our male visitors presented a more virile appearance. Also, the rather effeminate types do not look their best clad in the Austrian national dress. Reinhardt was away in California, so there were no guests at Leopoldskrohn, but a word from the kindly Dr. Kommer, his right-hand support, enabled many to see this palace.

VILLA D'ESTE has for many years been the ideal spot for holidays and honeymoons. The glamour of the Italian lakes retains its hold on anyone who has ever visited them. Como is a favourite spot and quite healthy; the mountains, and the old palace of Queen Caroline, which is now Villa d'Este, all help to complete a delightful picture. The Dombré family have had it for years, and the present descendant, M. Willy Dombré, is very much of the Hon. David Rhys type in the hotel world of Italy.

The first person I saw there was Mr. W. P. Garthwaite, who, with his wife, was in a party with the Everard Gates. Lord Hirst had a large family party, including his son-in-law and daughter, Captain and Mrs. Leslie Gamage. It is a bit hot there in August but cool in the evenings—they say September is the best month. There is fine bathing off what the American girls call "the floater," a sort of Noah's Ark moored in the lake. It 's all nice, clean, Berkeley-boyish type of fun at this place—everybody knows everybody, as one man found when he arrived with a blonde.

A Picture Gallery from Biarritz

Pepa Chavarri, "the Lenglen of Spain," the Spanish tennis Champion, and Miss Elena German-Ribon, niece of the Bolivian Minister

Mr. Teddy Wagg and Mrs. Everard Gates at Biarritz. Mrs. Gates is the wife of Mr. Everard Gates, the wealthy young north countryman. Mr. Wagg was recently made a proud uncle by his brother Kenneth and Katherine (Horlick) Wagg

KAY FRANCIS was enjoying herself; she 's a lovely creature, both on and off the screen. Willy Dombré is a great character, a great sportsman, a fine swimmer and dancer, and has hundreds of young counts at the end of the telephone to come and amuse the American and English girls. They always swear to come back there for their honeymoon—and they do, and quite often for their second.

SCOTTI, of Caruso and Scotti fame (sounds rather Naughton-and-Gold-ish, I fear), is the best-dressed person there. His sleeveless jerseys are a picture, and the young girls all call him "Darling Scotti," although he is a distinguished Commendatore. Mme. Ignazio de Landa, known always as "Pussy"—a term of affection, not cattiness—is very attractive. She is French, was once married to M. Dubonnet, and is now Mr. Billy de Landa's sister-in-law.

AND one Sunday to luncheon arrived an old friend, Signor Ernest Quaglino—that 's the tall brother, with flocks of little Quaglino's, looking more Quaglino-like than ever on their home ground. Mr. and Mrs. Ronald Ferguson were enjoying a rest, while Mr. Philip Rhodes had to hold the book in the Stock Exchange—they are partners in the famous firm of Ferguson and Clark. Mr. Rhodes, although always so cheerful, has the wonderful knack of conveying the impression of intense hard work, though, of course, not to be compared with Mr. Edward Barford.

MR. WILLIAM RANDOLPH HEARST, with seven cars, three sons, and three daughters-in-law, arrived for a night, but found that Lord Hirst had the principal suite, which he has had for twenty-five years. Mr. Hearst and entourage moved on Lido-wards; they have been sighted in Munich, and are now taking a cure at Nauheim.

MUNICH, besides being the capital of Bavaria, and being the Nazi headquarters (Hitler has a flat there), has one of the best restaurants in Europe, called Walterspiel. I can assure you that it is no quick-lunch bar; the serving of the food is treated as a solemn rite, and the eau-de-vie of raspberries as a liqueur at the end is a masterpiece—it is not that sweet, sticky sort of stuff, but clear and strong, with a terrific "bouquet."

DEAUVILLE has had its Grande Semaine, which means that all the floating population has now left it. Lord Carnarvon has been staying with Baron Eduard de Rothschild, at his lovely house outside the town. And "le duc de Westminster" arrived, complete with Cutty Sark, which just made the week-end complete from the point of view of the French, with whom he is very popular.

MR. PEEPS

Lady Veronica Hornby at the Chambre d'Amour. She is wearing a dark-blue flannel beach-suit, and has stopped skipping, a healthy exercise she practises every morning, to oblige the photographer. Seated on the left is Mr. Vernon Bryce

Miss Jean Combe, the daughter of Captain Christian and Lady Jane Combe, who is stopping at Lady Paget's villa, taking a rest from bathing and sun-bathing

Baronne Reutern, left, regarded as one of the most beautiful women in Biarritz, with Miss Eugenia O'Malley-Keyes, daughter of the late Colonel O'Malley-Keyes. Further pictures of personalities at Biarritz will be found on pages 426 and 427

Playing in Perthshire

The Lure of the Links at Gleneagles Hotel

Photographs by Arthur Owen

Above: Lord and Lady Camrose seen walking with their youngest son, the Hon. Julian Berry

Above, left: The Earl of Cromer, Lady Belper, Captain Cobbold and Lord Belper

Left: the Duchess of Sutherland, the Hon. Charles Winn, and Mr. J. Blair, U.S.A.

Right: Mrs. Charles Sweeny and Mr. Charles Sweeny desert golf for the moment

The Hon. Sheila Berry, second daughter of Lord and Lady Camrose, playing a round with Mr. Murrough O'Brien

From left to right: a quartette, Lady Dorothea Ashley-Cooper, Mrs. Erskine, the Hon. Francis Erskine, and Colonel Cyril Foley

Champagne Mermaid

Frances Day in "Oh, Daddy!"

A still from the Gainsborough picture "Oh, Daddy!" which Frances Day is now making. She appears as a cabaret star, in the usual extravagant night-club setting, has one scene with Leslie Henson, which is described as a "dream sequence" and called "Champagne," and has a song to sing called "Savage in Me," which sounds typically Frances Day. Besides the blonde mermaids and Leslie Henson, Gordon Harker and Daphne Courtney, this year's Wendy, are in the cast

Miss Gloria Saunders wears plus-fours for golf on the Chiberta links. But why? Plus-fours are man's least attractive dress invention, and Miss Saunders is much too pretty for them

Right: a view of Chambre d'Amour, the by-the-sea swimming and sun-bathing centre of Biarritz, where the Prince of Wales bathes daily when he's out there. More and more it seems to be the fashion to bathe in artificially collected salt water instead of using the sea entirely au naturel

Below: Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Bendir and the Countess Bosdari walking around on a Biarritz shopping expedition

Right: the Duke and Duchess of Westminster outside the Hotel du Palais, where they stayed

Left: Miss Patricia Clulow-Gray sits by the swimming-pool at Chambre d'Amour and seeks enjoyment in a book

Below : Lady Dorothy Lygon, Earl Beauchamp and Mr. Robert Heber-Percy coming ashore after bathing from their canoe. Lady Dorothy Lygon is eighteen ; she is the youngest of the Lygon sisters, of whom there are four

There's Always Biarritz

Right : Commander Redmond McGrath, a Biarritz regular, and Miss E. Eyre sitting outside their cabins

: Mrs. Roy Glen, r seen without a or two, is greeting s MacWilliams Mr. Halley- h, who are wait- o play their round golf at Chiberta

Above : Mr. Reginald Wright, who is the Master of the South Atherstone, and Mrs. Arthur Vincent, think about playing golf, but not for the moment doing it

Right : Miss Diana Guest, the Hon. F. E. Guest's attractive daughter, playing a game with a polo ball and her Peke

As Marguerite, in "Faust"

Camilla Horn's first big part was in "Faust," in which she played opposite Emil Jannings. It was a silent film on a stupendous scale, and was shown in England, some seven or eight years ago, at no less a place than the Albert Hall

Yesterday They Looked Like This . . .

No. 6. Camilla Horn Then and Now

CAMILLA HORN was born in Frankfurt in 1907. She was in business when she was about fifteen, for, having made and sold four pairs of pyjamas for pocket-money, she received so large an order from the big Berlin shop which bought her first pairs that she had to engage other girls to work for her. Later she became a music-hall dancer, was given a screen test by Ufa, and then a contract. She played in several German films, including "Faust," which got her her Hollywood contract. There she played opposite John Barrymore in "Tempest" and in other silent films, but the talkies sent her back to Europe to learn English and also French. The photograph above is from "Luck of a Sailor," a B.I.P. film, now generally released, in which Greta Nissen, George Grossmith and Hugh Wakefield also appear. This is her last English film, and after making it she flew—she flies everywhere—back to Germany, where, being an Aryan type, she is still welcome

Swaebe

Race-Goers—Regular and Otherwise—at the York Meeting

Mr. W. Hodgson, on the left, seen talking to Sir Lycett Green and his daughter, Lady Vivian, at York Races last week

The Hon. Mrs. Edward Lascelles and Lady Helena Fitzwilliam, also visitors to York

Lady Maureen Stanley, who was with Lord and Lady Stavordale at York Races

A Racing Reverie

Abroad and At Home

By "Regular"

DEAUVILLE was grand, the eights and nines eluded me, while, with the exception of a very nice two-year-old belonging to the Aga Khan, which started at 2 to 1 on, the horses I backed on this most attractive of race-courses showed remarkably little enthusiasm.

I HAVE many friends in the racing world in France, all of whom did their best to give me a winner. Prince Aly Khan was confident, Sibbritt was certain, Harry le Montaigne was hopeful, while Dudley Gilroy, Frank Carter, Willy Pratt, etc., etc., all tried hard, but in vain, and I developed a blister from tearing-up those revolting little pari-mutuel tickets.

WHY one bothered to back horses heaven alone knows, when there was such a feast of good things to see walking about the paddock, the stars being Thelma Lady Furness, her twin sister, Mrs. Vanderbilt—so alike that very few can tell t'other from which—Lady Mary Lygon, Lady Warwick, Mrs. Drogo Montague, and "Smut" Sammut.

THERE were also a number of their less fortunate sisters in the Casino, whom some of us took a very fair view of; but I must remember that this is a racing article.

I HAVE never seen more racing people gathered together under one roof than there were at the Casino on the night of the Aga's sale; and everyone seemed to be at the top of their form. Banco air lines have turned what used to be an appalling journey into a hour and a quarter's joy-ride, and people have not been slow to take advantage of it.

THE day's programme is something like this: You rise round about eleven, and grope your way to the sea, where you indulge in total immersion. A few moments in the water, which is very cold, will remove the severest hang-over.

THE stronger swimmers swim out to the Duke of Westminster's or Lord Michelham's yachts, where they throw back two or three cocktails, which have the effect of lighting up the old, and the day's fun starts all over again.

LUNCH is then indulged in, and then you go racing. The racecourse is less than a mile away, and Prince Aly Khan does the trip in under a minute. After racing, you go to the sales; from the sales to the Casino; from the Casino to dinner, which you partake of not earlier than 10.45. After dinner you return to the Casino, and at about 3 o'clock you go to the Night Club, where you remain till 6.30, and then you go and lie down for a bit.

HERE I am back at York, a trifle jaded, but with the pleasantest memories of five days' grand dissipation. I know of no place where they invariably give you more for your money than they do here, and this year promises to be no exception.

GOLD BRIDGE has just won the Nunthorpe, and I don't know who looks most pleased, Sybil, Vandy, or the Admiral; and well they might, for the best-looking horse in training has beaten the record for the course in what is to be his last race. Charlie Elliott came over from France especially to ride him, and once again the combination proved a happy one.

GOLD BRIDGE now goes to the stud, where he should prove a great success. I am told that handsome men do not always make the best husbands, but fidelity is not expected of horses, and Gold Bridge should have a lovely time.

THE defeat of Maltravers was rather a sad blow, but, in attempting to give Hyndford Bridge over a stone, he was probably attempting the impossible. Hyndford Bridge apparently appreciated the assistance of Gordon Richards, and was always going better than the favourite and Ormenus, who dead-heated for second place. It wouldn't be Yorkshire without a dead-heat of some kind.

SOME years ago, at a luncheon of the Press Club, Lord Derby said that Mr. W. Woodward was the type of owner of which any country might be proud. Those words are equally true to-day, and it is with the greatest pleasure that we saw this great American sportsman carry off our Ebor Handicap by the agency of Alcazar, who carried 8 st. 5 lb., a record weight for a three-year-old.

IT is a thousand pities that this good-looking horse is not in the St. Leger, as I feel certain he would make Windsor Lad and the best of them gallop for their lives. Alcazar was turned out looking a picture by Cecil Boyd Rochfort, and was beautifully ridden by Joe Childs, who, in going to scale at 8 st. 5 lb., must have gone without his breakfast and last night's supper as well.

THE Wednesday was a disastrous day for backers. Saxham Cat refused to struggle, while the gallant Alishah was beaten a head by Hoplite. Gordon Richards rides so many brilliant races that I feel he will not consider me impertinent when I say that if he could have given Alishah an "easy" a furlong from home, the other head might have been first.

ALTHOUGH we lost money, the day had its compensation, as although the weather was foul our womenfolk looked a treat, the best of a very good-looking lot to catch the eye being Lady Sibell Lygon, Lady Milton, Lady Stavordale, Mrs. Brinsley Plunkett, and Mrs. Philip Dunne.

It's on the Cards They'll Play

Mr. and Mrs. Ely Culbertson, the famous American Bridge experts, who appear to have nothing wrong with their systems, seen arriving at Paddington Station

Health-Giving Waters of Harrogate Wells

Swaebe

Lady Craig and Lady Illingworth, two visitors to this famous Yorkshire resort, which is enjoying an even more than usually successful season this year

The Lure of the Links

Miss Sheila Graham, niece of the late Lord Blythswood, and Lady Caroline Agar, sister of Lord Ormanton, on the old course at North Berwick

ROUND ABOUT

Lady O'Neill at the Caddy-Master's Box, North Berwick. Previous to her marriage in 1932, she was Miss Ann Charteris, daughter of the Hon. Guy Charteris and grand-daughter of the Earl of Wemyss

Captain Robert Hermon leaving St. Anne's Cathedral, Belfast, after his wedding to Lady Mary Meade, elder daughter of the Earl and Countess of Clanwilliam. The bridegroom, on six weeks' leave, flew from India to be married, and he and Lady Mary will return there shortly

Cricket in Wales

Miss K. Keyes, daughter of Admiral of the Fleet Sir Roger Keyes, the Hon. Ursula Vivian, Lord Swansea's eldest daughter, Miss J. Llewelyn, Miss J. Parker and Miss D. Mills keep off the grass with the aid of a tarpaulin at the match between Lord Swansea's team and Builth Wells on the latter club's ground

Left: Lady Anne Bridgeman and Mr. J. Larkin in the butts at Lord Cowdray's shoot on the Hill of Fare

Mr. P. C. Oldfield with the Hon. Mrs. Angela Murray, sister of Lord Cowdray. The latter has been entertaining a large house-party for grouse shooting in Scotland on the Hill of Fare, Dunecht, Aberdeenshire. Dunecht is Lord Cowdray's Scottish seat

Mlle. Suzanne Lenglen, the famous lawn-tennis player in shorts, and Mrs. F. Jay Gould in trousers at Monte Carlo. Mr. F. Jay Gould at one time had large interests on the Riviera and was responsible for the building of several big hotels and casinos

Sasha

JUNE AND JUNIOR

A picture of June (Lady Inverclyde) taken in her London flat, sitting beneath her portrait, painted at the age of thirteen, by Herbert Draper, R.A., which was the picture of the year when exhibited at the Academy in 1916. June will shortly be making a re-appearance on the stage when she takes a principal part in André Charlot's new revue, "Hey Diddle Diddle"

The "Bystander" Book Shelf

A Fresh Dela-field: By A. G. Macdonell

THERE may be those, here and there, who got a bit tired with the gentle fun of Miss E. M. Delafield's Provincial Lady. They may have said—or rather, hinted—that the fun was very much the same all the time; that the dull yet long-suffering Robert grew duller as he suffered longer; that Mademoiselle was really past a joke, even a Gallic joke. Those folk who said all this may, or may not, have been right. But there can be no two opinions about the transatlantic reappearance of the Lady in Miss Delafield's new book, *The Provincial Lady in America* (Macmillan; 7*s.* 6*d.*). As she is in an entirely new world, the Lady is able to strike out an entirely new line in gentle fun. The book begins with the stuff that we have come to know so well—how Robert disapproved (and what a fearful chap Robert must have been!) and what Robin and Vicky did and said on returning from school. So far, so ordinary. Then the Lady sails the stormy ocean, and her sketches of a certain tiny fragment of American life are very diverting. She is always incisive, always neat, often charitable, and never, with one notable exception, vitriolic. The only occasion on which Miss Delafield has obviously despatched the bell-hop for an imperial noggin of vitriol, is in her description of Miss Katherine Ellen Blatt. What a woman! What a frightful woman! She must have been something terrific to arouse Miss Delafield's latent wrath to such a devastating come-back.

But apart from this one excursion into the uses of sulphuric acid, Miss Delafield is as gentle and kindly as possible towards her hosts. She is always on the look-out for something nice to say about almost every person and every institution that she came in contact with. If there is one small fault that I can find with an otherwise charming book, it is Miss Delafield's trick of creating humour by repetition. She meets ten Americans, and makes each of the ten deliver the same banal remarks; and she does this not once, but over and over again. Tricks overdone cease to be tricks, and repetition is not the soul of wit. Apart from this solitary fragment of carping criticism, it is a delightful and witty book.

Dorothy Wilding

Miss E. M. Delafield (Mrs. E. M. Dashwood), author of many novels, and that delightful comedy, "To See Ourselves," whose new book, entitled "The Provincial Lady in America," is reviewed on this page by Mr. A. G. Macdonell

DETECTIVE-SERGEANT LEESON was the intrepid officer who walked up to the door of No. 100, Sidney Street, on the morning of January 3rd, 1911, and summoned the two desperadoes within to surrender, and was shot through the lungs for his pains. The historic "battle" followed at once. The gallant Sergeant has now published his reminiscences, *Lost London* (Stanley Paul; 15*s.*). It is a book that may be divided into two parts. When Mr. Leeson is describing his early adventures as a P.C. in Whitechapel, he is fascinating, for he is describing a world that has happily shifted to Chicago. The gangs of the Ratcliffe Highway in the 'nineties were just as ruthless and dangerous as "Legs" Diamond or "Bugs" Moran, and policemen had to walk in pairs down Blood Alley or Dorset Street, Spitalfields (known locally as "Do as you please") or Swallow Gardens, where the last "Ripper" crime was committed. East London in the 'nineties was a very terrible place and Mr. Leeson describes it with a first-hand knowledge that is very graphic. But when he comes to major crimes, he somehow becomes sensationalistic and so rather tiresome. For instance, he makes a great parade of concealing a famous fence's surname by calling him "Cammy," when all the world knows it was Grizzell. And his description of the events leading up to Sidney Street is not only undramatic; it is inaccurate. As for his contention that Stalin was behind the whole thing, and that Bolshevism sprang from Sidney Street, it is simply ludicrous.

"GALORE PARK" (Cassell; 7*s.* 6*d.*), by Norris Davidson, is a grand bit of fooling. True, it is very much overdone in places, but nevertheless we ought always to be grateful for fooling. It is a skit upon the aristocracy of the early Edwardians. It purports to be an autobiographical work by Major "Johnny" Bloodshot, of the Frontier Forces, a croquet player in the championship class. He goes down to Galore Park, the country seat of Sir Julian and Lady Vomitter, and he experiences trouble from the start. For a careless porter at Paddington threw his precious mallets—which a sacrilegious guard actually called "hammers"—so roughly into the train that the approach mallet and the chip-shot mallet were badly sprung. Only the driver was unharmed. The gallant Major then hung his two sprung mallets in the local stream to mend matters by swelling the wood, and they got smashed irretrievably in a water-mill, and the Major's servant, Jorkins, arrived, drunk, in the Panhard and careered madly into flower-beds and pergolas. The croquet itself is most capital. "It has always been," says Major Bloodshot, "and will, I trust, continue to be my habit to use dun-coloured or *non*-partizan balls in practising. If one has been accustomed to practise with, say, Blue, and is given Yellow in play, one's aim may be poor, and, indeed, unfortunate mistakes may occur." That sort of thing sets the comical tone of this delightfully idiotic book.

MR. DUBOSE HEYWOOD is the distinguished author of *Porgy*, that strange and moving play of negro life in Charleston which Mr. C. B. Cochran brought to London some time ago. Mr. Heywood has now published a novel called *Peter Ashley* (Lovat Dickson; 7*s.* 6*d.*). The scene is laid, of course, in the Southern States of the Union, and the period is that exciting, tense moment in front of Fort Sumter before the American Civil War broke out. Mr. Heywood's writing is as distinguished as his descriptions. He can bring that unique particle of civilisation, the lordly Southern whites, to life in a vivid phrase or a thumb-nail sketch. I do not know to what extent the modern British public is interested in the story of American slavery, which was largely created by one set of their ancestors and largely eradicated by another set, but I personally am always thrilled by any story about the "Deep South." Mr. Heywood has not the profound perceptions of Mr. Hergesheimer, but none the less he is a brilliant describer of the things he loves writing about. And he is always completely sincere, and that is a grand start for any author in the race for public esteem.

R. W. V. Robins stumped by yards by W. H. Levett, after scoring 58, when going down the pitch to play a ball from Davies, when batting for Middlesex v. Kent in a match which took place at Lord's

Peace to the Hashes

By "Finger-Spin"

It is all over, and I must confess that I was a shade depressed when I left the Oval at the end of that last disastrous Test Match. It was not so much that England had been beaten by the humiliating margin of 562 runs, which in itself was enough to put any patriotic Briton off his food for the night, as it was that the whole performance had been so futile. England and Australia had played a match in a false atmosphere. Australia had won handsomely enough, but we were no nearer to an understanding of what is allowed in international cricket and what is barred. I have always held that it is impracticable and contrary to the true development of the game of cricket to attempt to limit the scope of the bowler. As has been pointed out by many writers on the game, many, many things are allowed now to pass as customary which two or three generations ago would have been regarded as outrageous.

Cricket can still march with the times, it can still develop, as indeed it must, without necessarily wounding the essential spirit of the game. I wonder what those delightful men who used to play in top hats, spotted shirts and braces would have said had they seen Bradman stepping back towards his wicket and hitting good length bowling with unashamed crooked bat. They would have declared this to be entirely against all the precepts of the game, unsporting, ungentlemanly and altogether horrible. Batting, since those days when every stroke was made—had to be made—in copy-book style, has developed; knowledge has taught the batsman how to take the fullest opportunity of the bowler's defects and to use to his own benefit the increased perfection of wickets.

Is the bowler not to be allowed to reply, or is the balance of power to be so heavily weighted that there is to be only one man on the scales, the batsman? Pace, in itself a great quality in a bowler, cannot be described as a sin merely because the bowlers choose to attack the leg in preference to the off stump. Every small boy knows that there is a territory on a line with the leg stump which is called "blind," because a human being having only two eyes cannot focus a ball which pitches on it when he is standing in the normal batting position. The faster the ball is which pitches on that spot the less time he has to make a final re-adjustment. He is at once flurried, executes his stroke in a hurry, and is quite naturally affected in some degree by fear of physical violence from a flying missile which he cannot quite follow. That is the essence of what, I subscribe, has been unkindly and misleadingly called "body-line bowling." But it ceases to be an anxiety when it fails to pitch on this small and limited "blind" area. Pitched short the batsman has ample time to deal with it, and over-pitched he has had the knowledge that it is coming well up to him and can swing round on his feet to meet it easily enough on the half-volley. It demands, in fact, a remarkable accuracy to bowl that ball effectively. Larwood, we know, had that accuracy, and because he bowled so well he was declared to be unfair; nay, more than that, unsportsmanlike. One of the most monstrous contentions that was ever offered about any game. However, he did not play this year, and so we were not granted the opportunity of watching this highly trained method of reply to batsmen who have had things made easy for them; and, after all, the mere scoring of runs, which can be most delightful, is only really an artistic pleasure when it is achieved in difficulties. Would spectators continue to pay their shillings, and more, to see the best batsmen hitting the most inferior bowlers for sixes from morning until evening?

All of which is not meant in the least to depreciate Australia's victory, which was due more than anything to the fact that they were a composite team and played as such, whereas the English team was at sixes and sevens. There was a general appearance of untidiness about the side in the field, with players apt to wander about like flies that did not know where to settle down. Wyatt is a stout-hearted cricketer who lives for the game, but he lacks something of the qualities which make for a good leader and stir a side to great deeds. Woodfull is composed and quiet in everything he does, but he has within him that ability which will make a team play to their very utmost. He had only two bowlers whom he could reasonably expect to win the match for him, but they both possessed that all-important quality, length, without which swing, swerve, spin, and everything else are absolutely valueless. Grimmett is no longer a young man; he cannot, perhaps, make the ball behave so venomously as he did some years ago—not that he ever did make it sizzle in the way that Arthur Mailey did—but he has built up his bowling on the foundation of accuracy and assiduous practice.

A bowler who is loose in his length is no more good than a pianist who hits the wrong note. O'Reilly also has made it his business to be able to pitch the ball on, and not near, the spot he aims at, and, with his remarkable control of variations of pace, is at the moment the best medium-paced bowler living. There was, too, about the Australian side an innate knowledge of where to stand in the field, how best to support length bowling. A deal was made of England's missed catches on the first day, when Ponsford and Bradman were making the score-board rattle, but, in truth, it was not the fault of the fieldsman who did not hold the catch who was to blame but the lack of plan which allowed the wrong man to be in the wrong place. For Australia it was a great victory, thoroughly well worked for and equally well deserved.

Left: Miss Gladys McAlpine, Sir Alfred McAlpine's elder daughter (standing), and Miss Billy Yorke, the tennis player, watching the match

Sir Alfred McAlpine leading his team out to field. The match against the Royal Welsh Fusiliers was played at Marchweil Hall, Wrexham, Sir Alfred McAlpine's place in North Wales. He is Sir Robert McAlpine's fourth son, and runs the Midland, Wales and North-West of England business of the family firm. He is a keen cricketer

Country House Cricket

Sir Alfred McAlpine's XI Play the Royal Welsh Fusiliers

Photographs by Swaebe

Major K. J. Nicholl, Captain of the Royal Welsh Fusiliers XI, and Sir Alfred McAlpine toss before the match

Below: Mr. G. A. Pratt and Mr. C. P. Brutton, who were the opening pair of batsmen on Sir Alfred McAlpine's side

Above: Lieut. R. F. A. David and Lieut. D. M. Pritchard going in to open the batting for their regiment. They made 145 and 50 respectively

Left: Miss N. Bainbridge and Miss Mary McAlpine, the younger of the two McAlpine girls, were two spectators

Right: three of the Royal Welsh Fusiliers XI in the pavilion, waiting to bat—Colonel Bruxener-Randall, Captain Courage and Captain Griffith

E. E. Helme

A South African Challenge

Miss Betty Frost, of Port Elizabeth, aged eighteen, who has come over to make an attempt on the Girls' Open Golf Championship, at Stoke Poges, Sept. 12th-14th. She holds the Championship of the Eastern Provinces of South Africa, and is considered to have an excellent chance of winning at Stoke Poges

Women's Golf

Mostly Far Away

By Eleanor E. Helme

Miss Mary Johnson, Yorkshire Champion, and holder (with Miss Lees) of the "Bystander" Northern Foursomes, who won the scratch prize and lowered the record with 72 at the Bridlington Open Meeting

E. E. Helme

DEAR BYSTANDER—

I HOPE you are prepared for a good old gossip this week, for I feel full of it, positively Pepysian. Did you know, for example, that Mrs. Glenna Collett Vare is now the proud mother of a son, as well as that eighteen-month-old daughter who is called after her? Mrs. Vare has been nominated non-playing captain of the U.S.A. team which is to play Great Britain at Washington on Sept. 27th and 28th, but those who know her best say that they doubt whether she will really leave home and family, to whom she is entirely devoted, even for that great occasion. She does not like doing things by halves, and competition golf having once taken up all her time, she may well be glad enough to be quit of it all now.

I hear that an old Darkie maid at one of the clubs where she was wont to triumph asked a member after her the other day. "Miss Glenna, has she got nice man?" "Yes," said the member, "a very nice man." "And has she got any babies?" "Yes, two." "Dere," exclaimed the Darkie with joy. "Miss Glenna, she get de babies just like she get de championships, one after de other."

DID you know also—at least, I am sure you did not—that the Women's Open Golf Championship of Czecho-Slovakia for 1934 had been postponed? Probably you didn't even know that there was one. Well, Sandy Lodge are feeling that they have doubtless (with all due respect to the ladies of that distant Continental neighbourhood) been robbed of a Czecho-Slovakian addition to the plate upon their sideboard. Miss Betty Dix-Perkin and Mrs. Tony Torrance had all plans laid for an assault upon that Championship, and now they have had to cancel them, and sit tamely down instead and fill up forms to enter for our Autumn Foursomes, Miss Dix-Perkin with Mrs. Provan, of Ashridge, and Mrs. Torrance with Mrs. Nickolls, of Littlehampton, with whom she made such a good partnership last year. Well, well, life is full of disappointments.

Middlesex, too, have had one, for with Miss Barbara Daniell playing at Samadan for the Swiss Women's Open Championship, they must have been full of hope that there would be that title for their ex-Champion. Miss Daniell reached the final, but there lost by 9 and 8 over 36 holes to Fräulein Mund, of Germany. However, it is good news that Miss Daniell is able to play championship golf again at all, after being so desperately ill last winter, and perhaps we shall see her doing great things at Seacroft in the English next month.

WHAT a chance that is going to be for someone, with the presumed six best players in England out of it! We have the holder with us, and last year's runner-up, for Miss Dorothy Pearson and Miss Mary Johnson both fared too ill in the Open at Porthcawl for the Selection Committee to feel justified in sending them to America. And there are others. Personally, I have great faith in Miss Mary Johnson (who holds the BYSTANDER Northern Foursomes with Miss Lees), and can imagine far stranger things than that she should go through again, and win this time. She really seems to be playing better than ever. Bridlington had an open meeting the other day, which included the Corporation Ladies' Cup for teams of four from any one club. Miss Johnson not only led the Hornsea side to victory (although one member of the team compiled a brave century), but won the gross prize, tied for second handicap in the first division with 69 net, and lowered her own and everybody else's record for the Bridlington course with a 72. Last year she set up the previous record with 78. Better and better, indeed.

I shall keep my eye very firmly on Miss Johnson at Seacroft, and only hope the preceding County Finals, in which, of course, she will lead Yorkshire, will prove a useful tuning-up, and not a tiring-out before the individual event. I can't help wishing that the Selection Committee had ignored Porthcawl (as they did in the case of Miss Gourlay, Miss Fishwick, and Miss Wanda Morgan) and taken Miss Johnson to America. Talking of America, I had my first experience this week of one of the balls with which the match will be played, and with which our team are diligently practising at present. It feels a little like a pat of butter, but it is the best butter, like the Mad Hatter's, and so long as you hit it truly, and a gale omits to blow, it is remarkably pleasant. Not, perhaps, on the green. I never like having to hit the putts furiously, and that is what you must do if the big ball is to keep straight. The full drive which it must need on the grassy greens of America would give no pleasure at all to me or anybody who likes to coax the ball up to the hole so that it reaches the tin in the dying condition advocated by Bobby Jones.

DOWN under they seem to be talking already of what team will come out to tour Australia and New Zealand next year, and making the most hospitable of preparations, including the collection of a large fund. Meantime, their own golf goes on as merrily as ever. Miss Susie Tolhurst, whom we all remember beating both Miss Fishwick and Miss van Wie at Saunton, is now Mrs. Sloane Morpeth—her husband is a great name in golfing organisation out there. She reached the final of the Victorian Championship the other day, and then, over 36 holes, allowed her sister, Miss Shirley Tolhurst, to beat her by 9 and 8. We shall have to revise our ideas either of the respective strengths of the two sisters, or of the benefit of getting married. Yours ever,

ELEANOR E. HELME.

A Portfolio of FASHION . . . Assembled by JEAN BURNUP

1. Window box décolletage, small scarlet flowers looking out from beige moire. *Vera Borea.*
2. *Augustabernard* ties a black silk fringe round the neck, praising it.
3. Black patent-leather flower fastens the back of *Bruyere's* silver lamé blouse.
4. Black long-haired woollen cape worn with a high-crowned hat, which looks like a slightly battered topper. Both from *Lanvin.*
5. Three patent-leather flowers down the front of an afternoon dress. *Bruyere.*
6. A three-colour flannel scarf, muddy green, butter and maroon. *Marcel Rochas.*
7. Black seal-skin sailor collar on a green blistered woollen three-quarter coat. *Mainbocher.* (Notice the square-crowned bonnet.)
8. A scarlet china mask buckle on *Marcel Rochas'* black belt. Rather macabre.
9. Dark blue cellophane dinner dress has diamanté fleur-de-lys fastenings. *Marcel Rochas.*
10. Front fullness (Eastern derivation) on an *Alix* evening dress.

Jewels for Every Movement

THESE jewels gleamed complacently when they were being photographed. It was as if they were saying "We are all right for ever. Lovely women fade; thrones wobble; empires fall, but our beauty and our value goes on all the time. Generations ahead will proudly claim us as the family diamonds, remarking on the quaintness of the settings they used back in 1934 . . ."

The diamond bracelet in the centre is gorgeous, with its clever mixture of brilliant and baton-cut diamonds. So is the watch on the double black cord, its absurd little face resting in a bed of diamonds, exquisitely set.

Between watch and bracelet are two diamond hair-ornaments, good-looking with a Recamier curl hair-dressing. The ring at the left is a square-cut sapphire, flanked with two smaller diamonds, lovely and simple (and simply lovely). The other is an unusual design, small diamonds in curved bands of platinum. The circular brooch is made of diamonds set in platinum with one large emerald flashing a wicked green eye. The winged brooch comes off its platinum frame and becomes a couple of clips.

All the jewels come from the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Co., Ltd., of Regent Street.

Bond Street and Roundabout

By Jean Burnup

HE was a young man with an easy roll to his speech. A sailor, he said, directly I opened the door to his ring, and certainly his blue eyes had the far-away look of the men who are supposed to spend a lot of their time gazing into distances.

True, he was not silent. He had a good line in sales talk. The rug on his back, which he dexterously rolled on the floor, was a Persian, he said, straight off the ice. He and a few of his mates had smuggled some in, duty free, yesterday. He was joining his boat to-night. It was the last one, going cheap. Look at the genuine elephant's claw design, ma'am, the rich reds and blues. . . .

It was not a bad-looking piece of rug. And his eyes were very blue. It happened that I wanted a rug for a dark corner. It happened that he wanted five pounds for it, and I happened to have five pounds in cash about me, a rare enough event in itself. He happened to have, as well as the eyes, a clever take-it-or-leave-it manner. I took it, and, of course, I was taken in.

That was a long time ago, but I can still remember my mortification on discovering that my rug had never seen the light of Persia, nor smelt the Orient.

I didn't mind it not being a Persian rug. As a matter of fact, it has worn well and is pleasing to look at. But it is irritating to have been racketeered by sales talk and blue eyes.

The point of this rather long story is that there is no need for any woman to be taken in, blue eyes or no, when Harvey Nichols are there to help her buy a rug.

Up on the second floor, large Persian runners, Indians, Chinese and English carpets hang from high ceilings to the ground, making you long for rooms or corridors large enough to house their rich, glowing beauty.

But we haven't all got baronial halls. So we go downstairs, and on the ground floor are the rugs and runners for us. Pile upon pile of silky colourful beauties from one of the finest collections of hand-selected Persians in the world.

Away over the sea Harvey Nichols' experts spend pleasant days wandering about the carpet bazaars of the East, being very choosey about rugs and carpets, electing only the best of each type, discarding all faulty or doubtful specimens.

So this store can guarantee the genuineness of every Oriental rug they sell.

BOTH the colour and the line of this town suit from Creed look like the beginning of the century. It is dark green ratine. The thigh-length jacket is made with a definite flare at the back and long revers that fasten with links at the waist.

ON the ground floor a salesman reverently and proudly showed me the cream of their new materials, all exclusive to them.

There are some divine panne velvets with a leaf design delicately tracing itself about, in new delicate evening colours, the silvery grey which would look terrific with the right kind of grey hair, that blue which is neither blue nor green but subtly both, and lilac blue for the blonde with a white skin.

There is our old friend, tree-bark, crumpled-looking as before, but now gleaming all over with tinsel thread. This in many new, attractive colours.

There are blistered marocains, spotted with cellophane and honeycombed with cellophane, uncrushable velvets in the new burnt coffee berry, and plum shades, gorgeous tissues and lamés, and a thick, bumpy material which hasn't yet got a name, in grey and beige, which I can see made into prim little women frocks.

FOR the past couple of years men have been busy transforming Harvey Nichols into something new, efficient and beautiful.

They have picked up the dropped nuts and bolts, swept up the rubbish, removed the paint pots, taken off their dungarees and departed, and left behind them a store which is worth a quiet little rave.

You can walk about this large, luxurious shop without fatigue or discomfort. Every department is easy to find, you don't lose your way, and have to ask, or retrace your steps and get shopping tiredness.

There is none of that old-fashioned, pressing-in on you stuffiness and crowded aisles; nor marble columns to overwhelm and give an inferiority complex; neither is there any of the jagged restlessness of some too modern backgrounds.

But simplicity, yes. And cool, flowing lines all around you, a rhythmic background and décor, easy on the eyes and on the head.

A few of the extra-special features are worth a few special extra marks.

The hairdressing department, for one, which I think is quite lovely. You almost feel better directly you enter the beauty rooms, they are all so happily designed and decorated. You feel here are rooms where the best has been made of walls, floors, fittings, surroundings.

They 'll do the same by me, you feel.

Prices are reasonable, operators efficient, equipment super. So what are you waiting for?

The rest room has the same sweeping sympathetic backgrounds which characterises the rest of the building. Walls and ceiling are the pinky pearl of the underneaths of mushrooms. Deep armchairs in glazed chintz, soft blue and cream, invite you, the right kind of lamps light the room, a sleepy feeling is about the place. Doze off, if you want to, they won't mind.

They are pretty proud of the fitting rooms on the third floor, and rightly.

Sometimes you choose dresses, knowing that the horrible moment must come presently for trying on.

You follow the girl to some stuffy little room which smells like a bathing tent on a hot day. You undress and pull on one thing after another, spoiling your hair, smearing your make-up; you get hot; it 's too much like hard work.

Here, there is another story to tell. There are fourteen fitting rooms, which are fitting enough for anything. A few books, a picture on the walls, and they remind you of home, if home is as attractive. Each has been decorated and furnished differently, which is a nice idea. All are large, airy, light.

I like the room where the young girl's dress should be tried on. Spotted and frilled muslin curtains, kidney-shaped dressing table in glazed chintz, comfortable couch for mother and Aunt Mary to sit on and criticise or suggest. Carpets, curtains, walls, lighting, all treated with the same polish and originality and discreet taste.

If you are not above taking suggestions from other people's houses and rooms—and who isn't—you 'll get plenty from these. John Earle, the store's decorative advisor, who designed them all, will give you any advice you want on decoration, or will prepare schemes and estimates and, not being mercenary, he won't ask for money.

Golf Clubs at Home

The "Bystander" at Hunstanton

(1) E. Walwyn and W. B. Jarvis. (2) T. B. Darley, Major C. G. Lyon and William Humble. (3) F. S. Thew and Stephen Humble (ex-Captains). (4) H. L. Lyon (Vice-Captain) and Major F. Pope (Secretary). (5) W. H. Prosser and J. A. Reeves. (6) Captain G. M. Gamble and Dr. F. Edmunds. (7) H. N. Belsham and the Rev. E. S. Ulyat. (8) Sq.-Ldr. Yool and K. A. Layton-Bennett

Arthur Owen

Arthur Owen

Seen in Play on the Gleneagles Hotel Golf-Links

The Hon. John Willoughby, Mrs. Cosmo Crawley, Mr. Cosmo Crawley, and General Charles Willoughby, four of the many visitors to the Gleneagles golf course

Lord Dorchester, seen with Mr. Edward Alston, photographed during the course of a round

New Conditions for the Prince of Wales's Cup

By F. G. L. Fairlie

I HAVE received information from the Secretary of Prince's Golf Club, Sandwich, dealing with the competition which ... held every year at Prince's for the Prince of Wales's Cup. This has been an important vent since its inauguration in 1928; and as, t the express desire of his Royal Highness he Prince of Wales, the whole of the entry oney is handed over to the Kent Playing ields Association, it is an event which all lfers who can should do their very best to pport. But it is not merely from the charitble point of view that one exhorts amateur olfers to enter for the competition: it is so because it is a most enjoyable way of pending a week-end, and takes place at a me when certain late holiday-makers find rather fun to match their skill against the prinkling of well-known golfers who always ttend.

The competition is open to all amateur golfers who are possessed of a handicap of ix or less, and this year there are new conditions, for the event will be played by strokes ver seventy-two holes, and the player with he best scratch aggregate for the four rounds will become the holder of the Cup and receive a replica. It should be noted also, particularly by those who do not fancy their ability to defeat scratch players on level terms, that the Kent County Playing Fields Association have very kindly presented a Silver Challenge Salver for the best handicap aggregate, also over seventy-two holes; a replica of this salver will be presented by Prince's to the winner.

For the information of those who may consider competing, it should be noted that all competitors may enter in pairs, although single entries will be accepted and will be drawn. An important point is that the competition will be played from the championship tees, and it is well worth while playing from the Prince's championship tees when the opportunity arises. There is no need for me here to discuss the great qualities of the course, but I do definitely suggest to you that Prince's, played from the championship tees, is a very great golf-course indeed. This opportunity should not be missed. Entries close on September 22nd, or earlier if the entries, which are limited, are already complete. They should be forwarded, with the entrance-fee of one guinea per player, to the Secretary, Prince's Golf Club, Sandwich, Kent, as soon as possible.

I MAKE no excuse for devoting my page this week to this competition—although it is unusual for me to boost one particular event so strongly—largely because of the new conditions under which the event will be played this year. For a long time it has been the opinion of many good players that the true test of the best golfer is seventy-two holes by medal play. Those who are opposed to the present conditions of the Amateur Championship and say that the reason why some rather surprising results have occurred in this Championship, when a player apparently not so good as many in the field has won through, are apt to suggest—when they are not being merely destructive in their criticism—that seventy-two holes medal play would be the ideal conditions for the Championship, provided that the object of the event is to find the best player competing.

PERSONALLY, I very strongly oppose this view, although I do not so strongly oppose the idea of qualifying over thirty-six holes and then playing a limited number by thirty-six-hole matches; there can be no doubt that there is a good deal to be said for this agitation for a seventy-two-hole medal play Championship, but it is entirely contrary to the usual form of amateur golf. In these circumstances, we, who are amateurs—and who are the only people who matter in the event—prefer to play by holes and not by strokes, so that is that. All the same, there has never been a purely amateur seventy-two-hole stroke play competition before, and Prince's Golf Club are very much to be congratulated in offering to the amateur golfer a chance of playing over these conditions and seeing how he likes it. The nearest approach is the week-end, also held at Sandwich, which is formed by the Saturday's play at Royal St. George's Golf Club for the St. George's Cup, and the following Sunday's play at Deal for the Prince of Wales's Cup, but these are two separate events and cannot be considered to constitute one marathon race over seventy-two holes. Here, however, Prince's are offering a full seventy-two holes in one event, and, provided that the club gets a sufficiently good entry, it should be very interesting to see how some of the leading amateur players of the country get on in these conditions. True, they have had a chance of trying out their skill at this particular form of play in the Open Championship, but never before in an event entirely confined to players of their own status.

In the past this competition at Prince's has been played over thirty-six holes, and the present holder of the Trophy is Tony Torrance, who last year won on a play-off after a tie with Lionel Munn. The previous winners include Douglas Grant, Robert Harris, Rex Hartley, and Noel Layton, and good players have always been up against them. I am hoping that this year the entries will be even better than usual, and that a large muster of first-class golfers will try their skill against each other over this long distance, for, if a sufficiently good entry is obtained, then the event is liable to take a very important place in the first-class competitions of the year.

FINALLY, there is one small point which is purely domestic as far as Prince's and Kent are concerned, but which is worth putting before you, and that is, that the total so far obtained for the Kent Playing Fields Association is just over £520. It is hoped that, by means of the competition this year, the total will be made to exceed £600, and I trust that all those who can go will do so, not merely to obtain this excellent result, but also to give themselves a good time. I have never known Prince's other than delightful, and opportunities are so rare in which one is helping one's self and others at the same time—oh, well, go if you can!

Lady Hay Drummond-Hay, the well-known journalist and flying woman, seated at the controls of her aeroplane. In a recent issue of the "Bystander" we published an article by Mr. Charles Graves in which Lady Drummond-Hay was referred to as a "beginner." This statement was obviously inaccurate. Lady Drummond-Hay has been flying since 1930, when she was among the first women to take up flying seriously, and since when she has owned her own private aeroplane. At the moment Lady Drummond-Hay is the owner of a "Waco" 210-h.p. 'plane, the only type of its kind owned and flown in this country. She is also one of only four women pilots flying from Air Service Training, Hamble. We are extremely sorry for any inconvenience that may have been caused to Lady Drummond-Hay by our previous mis-statement

Lady Hay Drummond-Hay

The Seven Ages for Flying

By Charles Ward

New Pilots and Owners

THE upper and lower limits of age at which it is possible to fly have not been fully tested. Mr. Douglas Fawcett, who is sixty-eight, has secured his "A" licence at the Airwork School and will put in more time prior to a flight of exploration over the High Alps. At the other end of the scale of age, a fifteen-year-old Dartmouth cadet, son of Lady Edith Windham, has been learning to fly during the holidays; and amongst the ladies, Mrs. Tate, an M.P. for Willesden, and Lady Louise Montagu, daughter of the Duke of Manchester, are often to be seen taking the air at Heston. Colonel Hamilton-Gault, M.P., Mr. Prendergast from East Africa, and the Marquess of Douglas and Clydesdale have bought Leopard Moths from Brian Lewis. The Airspeed concessionaires, R. K. Dundas, have settled at Heston, where a smart "Courier" is available for demonstrations. Henlys are doing more trade with Czecho-Slovakia, Bata's having taken an Autogiro to add to its fleet of Moths, Dragons and Spartans.

Mrs. James Mollison, still remembered as Amy Johnson for her notable flight to Australia, is working as a pilot for Hillman Airways. Our photograph shows her receiving the "ship's papers" from Mr. Edward Hillman before a journey to Paris

By Air to Scotland

As this is the season for visits north of the Tweed, it may be as well to enquire what chances there are to fly there. Railway Air Services operate to Glasgow, starting from Croydon, and it is possible to hire air-taxis from the commercial capital of Scotland to almost any centre in the country. Renfrew Aerodrome is the headquarters of the Scottish Flying Club, and also of the much depleted fleet of Midland and Scottish Air Ferries. John Sword, founder of this Company, will be remembered as an enterprising pioneer. He still maintains a service to Campbeltown and Islay. On the east side, there are taxiplanes available at Macmerry, the Scottish Motor Traction Aerodrome, at Aberdeen, where Mr. Gandar Dower has bought a private aerodrome, and at Inverness, where Highland Airways have a base for the mail service to the Orkneys. Most of the London firms specialising in private charters, Olley Air Services at Croydon, B.A.N.C.O. at Heston, Birkett Air Hire, and the Wrightson group, have 'planes available at short notice—anything from an open two-seater Moth to a Dragon or a Ford, large enough for a shooting-party wearing the bulkiest of tweeds.

The Viceroy's Challenge Trophy Race

THIS event, to be flown on December 15th and 16th, from Calcutta to Bombay, with an overnight stop at Cawnpore, is a handicap race, open to all aircraft using less than 400 horse-power. Entries must be registered in India or other parts of the Empire, but pilots may be of any nationality. There is a special prize for the first Indian-trained pilot past the winning post. Flying in India has increased considerably during the past year or so, and the large Government grant, recently agreed, will enable its main trunk routes to be established on a permanent basis for night flying, without which no long-distance air services can pay. Three international routes cross the country; Imperial Airways from London to Singapore; Air France from Paris to Saigon in Indo-China, and K.L.M. from Amsterdam to Batavia. The principal domestic air-route is that run by Tatas from Karachi to Madras, via Bombay. This was started in 1932 and has since operated with 100 per cent. regularity, a remarkable achievement in any country, but especially so in India, where monsoon conditions can be most unpleasant for flying. On this route of 1350 miles, the average distance between aerodromes is 320 miles. Captain Neville Vintcent, chief pilot and manager of the line, to whom most of the credit for its success is due, has flown home on leave quite recently. The Melbourne Centenary Race from London is exciting great interest in India, where competitors have a compulsory stop. The passage of so many of the world's fastest aircraft will provide a useful object-lesson of the speed at which mails could be operated, even though passengers may not care for such hustle until air sleepers are more common.

Ladies of the Turf: *(Continued from page 411)*

No meeting is complete without their presence, and the sun is never too hot, the rain too wet, or the wind too cold for these ladies when they are intent on winner finding. Yet with it all they retain their good looks. By far the most remarkable of them is Lady Rosebery. Anyone who did not know her would lay you 1000-3 against her being the mother of grown-up children; but they would be wrong, as she has three of them, all of whom are very keen on racing.

LAST, but not least, I come to Mrs. Vernet. Mrs. Vernet is far too well known to need any introduction from me; her clothes are the envy of everyone, and her dancing, after the day's work is over, is the despair of many women half her age; her energy and efficiency are amazing. As to the latter quality I can pay some slight tribute as, in tens of thousands of bets I have had with her, I have only once found what I thought was a mistake in my account, and then I can well imagine it was a pound to a bun on her being right. For this state of perfection Mrs. Vernet pays a high tribute to the efficiency of her two clerks, who take down bets at the rate of about sixty a minute.

WIN, lose, tie or wrangle, Mrs. Vernet is always the same, the soul of efficiency and courtesy. She never talks shop, but if you press her she may confide in you that the last race cost her a couple of thousand, adding, "wasn't that tiresome," in much the same way most women would deplore a laddered stocking. Altogether a very remarkable woman and a gold mine to Ladbroke's.

Hold this page up to the light and look through it.

GUINNESS

Through the Looking Glass

with apologies to

LEWIS CARROLL

"There's one great advantage in living backwards," said the White Queen. "One's memory works both ways."

"What sort of things do you remember best?"

Alice ventured to ask.

"Oh, things that happened in about half-an-hour's time," the Queen replied in a careless tone.

"For instance, now," she went on, "there's that bottle of Guinness. It has done me good; I'm enjoying it now, and I shan't even drink it for another twenty minutes; and of course opening the bottle comes last of all."

"Supposing you never do open it?" said Alice.

"Then it'll still be there for me to enjoy another time," said the Queen.

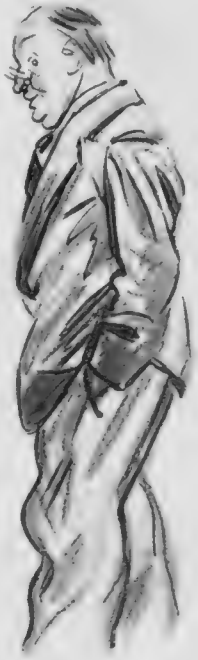
Turn over this page, hold it up to the light and look through it.

GUINNESS IS GOOD FOR YOU

Caught at the Sussex County Cricket Ground, Hove

Some Familiar Faces On and Off the Field of Play, drawn by our Special Artist, H. H. Harris

Left: W. L. Knowles, the Secretary, having rather a busy time



W. Newham, the old Sussex player, the Assistant Secretary, in his baggy Harris tweed

The Vice-President, H. F. de Paravicini, also a cricketer of note

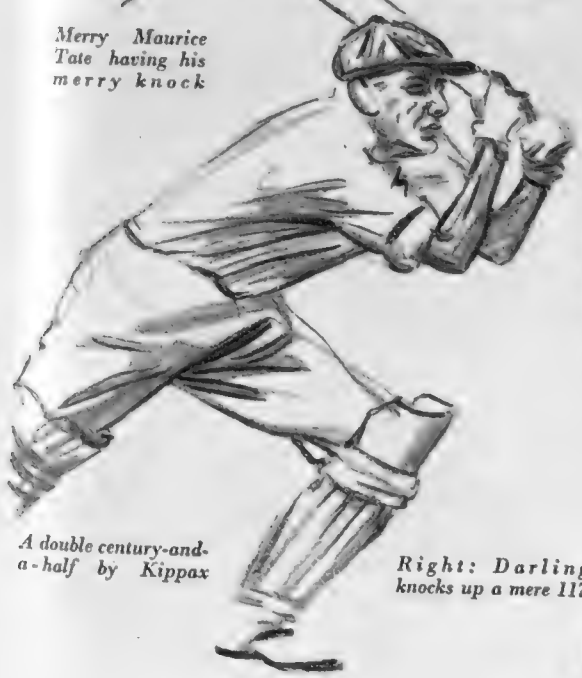
Cook, after his grand 60

Merry Maurice Tate having his merry knock

The Mayor of Hove, R. Hudson

Harold Bushby, the Australian manager

An impression of Bowley



A double century-and-a-half by Kippax

Right: Darling knocks up a mere 117

Sir Harry Preston and Jim—er—The Rt. Hon. J. H. Thomas, M.P., P.C., at the informal dinner given in honour of Don Bradman's birthday

Sport with the Lid Off

By "Mark Over"

George Ducros, Champion of Europe, photographed while competing in the Water Ski-ing Competition which was held at Monte Carlo

An American Victory

Sarah Palfrey (U.S.A.) and Freda James (England) going on to court previous to their match in the quarter-final round of the National Women's Championship at Forest Hills. The American won 6-3, 3-6, 6-1

LANCASHIRE are in the news just now. First, the County Cricket Championship has gone their way; and now, in the football campaign, we are promised by the hard-headed men from the North that the Red Rose will make a big bid to carry off the county Rugby title, the Football Association Cup, and the League Championship—not allowing, by the way, for Bolton's position as promotion pacemakers in the Second Division!

Well, there it is, and on the face of it, Lancashire have a more than useful chance of scooping the sporting pool in the next few months. Straightway, we have to congratulate them on winning the Cricket Championship—though, with our congratulations goes criticism for the safety-first policy characterising the last few matches in their programme.

WHY is it that nearly every county team is mesmerised into immobility when in sight of the Championship? Sussex lost their chance of being at the top of the table through a style of play foreign to them; they tapped and patted along with tame strokes, to be beaten by Surrey, when, all the time they might have written a new chapter of cricket history with a flourishing bat in the real Sussex tradition.

And Lancashire, too, dropped their free cricket of the early season—yes, believe it or not, they went for runs and got them—to wind up with stonewalling displays which seemed at times to out-Scotton Scotton of the broad bat and Job-like patience. We must go to club cricket, the backbone of the game, for the swashbuckling stuff when runs flow sweetly and the scoreboard is not afflicted with paralysis!

ANYHOW, the cricket title is in Lancashire's keeping, so now let 's get on to the County's hopes of carrying off the Rugby crown. They have a "gradely chance an' all" to finish winners for the first time in forty-three years. I hear from a northern friend that there is every prospect of a workmanlike fifteen being

The Boys' Amateur Championship at Moortown

F. B. Allpass (Hadley Wood) congratulating R. S. Burles (Gerrard's Cross) after being beaten by 12 and 10 over 36 holes in the final. A record victory

J. D. A. Langley (Stowe School), the English Boy Captain, seated on the rails waiting to play off

fielded before the season is many moons old. And there is every hope that that very good centre, R. Leyland, of Liverpool University, will be fit and well to be out and doing again. Leyland had a luckless sort of time in the last campaign, injuries keeping him out of the game for a long spell.

AND then, in "Soccer," the experts are looking to Manchester City to provide the high-lights of the season. The Cup-holders certainly made a sound start at West Bromwich. The result—a draw—does not convey any idea of the Manchester club's splendid play, which, I am assured by one of the "Soccer" mandarins of Fleet Street, was in the Scottish tradition. Along-the-carpet passes, the ball flashing from man to man, every move stamped with class; that was the way Manchester City went about their business.

On this display, Lancashire looks to Manchester City to make a bid for the "Soccer" "double" of League and Cup. But August forecasts sometimes seem puny in April, and with the Arsenal as cool and calculating as ever, not to mention the eagerness and speed of Tottenham Hotspur, London is going to have a say in the football argument before all the honours go North.

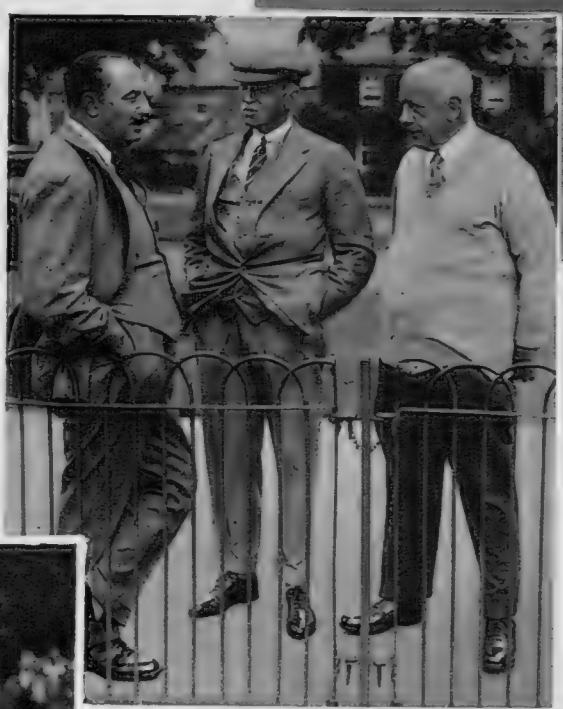
BACK to cricket for a paragraph or so, with a mention of the long shot that G. O. Allen will be England's next Test Match skipper. The South Africans are to visit us in 1935, and it is already forecast that "Gubby" Allen will be given his chance to show his qualities of leadership.

If this is so, then the Selectors, much maligned of late, must be given credit for thinking more than a move ahead. Their aim from now on must be to build up a team to bring back those "Ashes" from Australia; and, right away, they must look around for a suitable skipper. Luckless R. E. S. Wyatt, I feel, is a 100 per cent. better player for England when relieved of the cares of captaincy. For proof of this, see his Test Match averages for this series and the games "down under" in Jardine's year.

Allen might fill the bill all right, for he is popular enough with players and crowd, and from the M.C.C. point of view should be very acceptable—I have heard that he is not in favour of "body-line" bowling as interpreted by the Australians!

ONE doubt comes to mind. Is it wise to choose a bowler as skipper? The bowler-captain is very often susceptible to one of

An action photograph of a contest at Pelota, the great Basque game, showing the player catching the hard ball in the basket before throwing it on to the wall after the manner of Fives; a fine game for players and lookers-on



Major G. W. Smith, Secretary of Gullane Golf Club (left) seen talking to Sir Gordon Campbell and the Hon. Judge Sturgess while they are awaiting their turn to drive off

B. Royds, the Yorkshire boy, with J. L. Rigge, whom he beat in the final of the Junior North of England Championship. This is the third Tennis Championship Royds has won this year

The Duke and Duchess of Algeciras and friends feeding pet bustards, which were at one time indigenous to Great Britain, in a courtyard of the "Misa" Bodegas. The Duke has travelled much, is a great sportsman and has shot big-game in most parts of the world. He is head of the famous firm of sherry shippers, Manuel, Misa, Jerez de-la-Frontera, Spain

Sport with the Lid Off

(Continued from page 447)

two evils: either he puts himself on for terrifically long spells or else he goes to the other extreme and takes himself off after a couple of overs.

The late J. W. H. T. Douglas, great-hearted England captain though he was, never really knew when he had over-bowled himself. Over after over would Johnny trundle down, with the runs clattering up on the scoreboard; but, as "Patsy" Hendren has said, he had complete and unfailing courage in his own convictions.

Which reminds me that Hendren has told a good story of Johnny Douglas bowling in a match at Melbourne, where the scoreboard at one end of the ground gives the bowler's analysis. Runs had been going up without a wicket falling when a stentorian voice roared out to Douglas, bowling with his back to the scoreboard: "Johnny, if you won't take yourself off, put yourself on at the other end where you can read your analysis!"

To revert to Allen. How many of you, I wonder, know that the Middlesex fast-bowler grew a magnificent beard not so long ago? The story goes that Allen, forced to lay up for an operation, decided to give the barber a miss for a week or so. The result: as imposing a beard on a cricketer as one could wish since the days of W. G. Grace. I gather that Allen had a photograph taken for purposes of record, destroyed the negative—and then had a good shave!

By the way, "W. G." had the right sort of way with presumptuous bowlers who thought they could bowl "bumpers," as witness the famous—or infamous—occasion when E. Jones, the "Colonial tear-away bowler," sent a ball whizzing through the "Old Man's" whiskers. The crowd gasped, but Grace, equal to the occasion, howled down the pitch at Jones in that squeaky voice of his: "Here, Jones, what the h—— are you about!" And Mr. Jones bowled no more bumpers in that match.

Ever after, so I have been told, Grace referred to Jones as "that fellow who bowled through my beard."

And now let me switch back to football, for wherever I go these days I hear very little except talk of the start of "Soccer" and the prospects of our "Rugger" men. A few of us were yarning over the merits of the rival codes the other day, especially in regard to the schools. As you may have noticed, the Football Association have started on their campaign to revive "Soccer" in those schools which have gone over to the rival game. The idea, I gather, is for coaches—many of them old professionals—to give lessons. A good idea, this, but one which is not likely to check the spread of Rugby.

Truth is, the schools are set against "Soccer" mainly because there is a fear, groundless though it may possibly be, that youngsters will turn to the professional game later on. The F.A. have to fight against that prejudice right at the start.

However, which is the best game for schoolboys, "Soccer" or Rugby? D. R. Gent, of England and Gloucester fame, has it that "Soccer" is *the code!* As he says, this is a confession of heresy; but he can put up a good defence to save himself being burned at Twickenham.

Gent has put it on record that dozens of boys, made to play Rugby before the ages of fourteen or fifteen, have been almost worn out by the time they've reached their late "teens." In other words, Rugby is a man's game and not one for boys.

"If a boy is going to a 'Rugby' school," Gent has stated, in his very excellent book, *Rugby Football*, "Association is an ideal preparation. Many great Rugby players left the learning of that game till they had played quite a lot of the other game."

Well, that's an old England Rugby International talking. . . . Let the Football Association, in their campaign among the schools, get hold of his statement and use it as propaganda.

(1) R. N. Benjamin (Addington) and W. G. Marriott (Kettering); (2) Gen. Sir Louis Vaughan (Royal Cinque Ports) and Col. C. A. Barker (Royal Cinque Ports); (3) A. Riddiford (Bedford), N. D. Ednie (Bedford) and W. O. Newcombe (Bedford); (4) G. O. Dunsmore (Wanstead) and L. O. Munn (Royal Cinque Ports); (5) N. D. Bond and F. G. C. Weare (Royal Ashdown Forest)

Victors and Vanquished: The Borough of Deal Challenge Cup at Deal

What's On (Continued from page A)

DANCING AND DINING

Out of London

GAY ADVENTURE, Esher.—Swimming in the sterilised and warmed pool; sun-bathing in the lovely garden; dancing to Tony Eldridge's band.

HAUTBOY HOTEL, Ockham, Surrey.—Old-world garden; good food in the unique dining-room; best cocktails on the road; no swimming.

HIND'S HEAD, Bray-on-Thames.—The food and wine are unique—a gourmet's dream—and "mine host," Barry Neame, has an eye on all the comforts of his guests.

HOWARD PARK, Aston Clinton, Bucks.—The old home of the Rothschilds: swimming, dancing on Saturday, riding, tennis, special arrangements for guests ariving by aeroplane.

HUNGARIA RIVER CLUB, Maidenhead.—Swimming and sun-bathing; dancing; Douglas Byng and the Western Brothers will be appearing in the cabaret.

MARTIN'S SWIMMING POOLS, Wokingham.—A most attractive place to swim, which is slightly more expensive (2s. 6d.) on Sundays, from 3 p.m. Light refreshments.

MOORLANDS HOTEL, Hindhead.—Good food and service in peaceful surroundings; lovely position and wonderful air; no dancing or swimming.

SHOW BOAT, Maidenhead.—Swimming; dancing to Jack Allan's band from Great Fosters. Special attractions on Saturdays.

SPINNING WHEEL, and ST. CROSS HOTEL, Hoddesdon, Herts.—Beautiful grounds; the food is good; swimming, and the pool has specially filtered water.

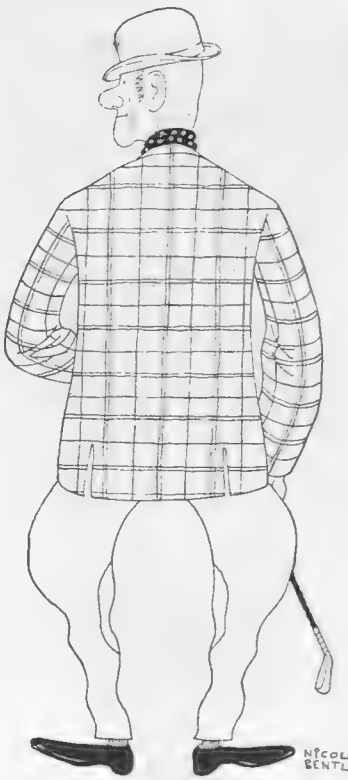
Throat Sore?

You need

Allenburys
Glycerine & Black Currant **PASTILLES**

Your Chemist Stocks Them

In tins - 2 oz. 8d., 4 oz. 1/3



"LOOK—HE'S WEARING A 'BATTERSBY' HAT!"

AND THERE'S A STYLE THAT WOULD SUIT YOU TOO. WRITE TO US FOR THE NAME OF YOUR NEAREST AGENT & SEE FOR YOURSELF.

BATTERSBY, NORTHUMBERLAND AVENUE, TRAFALGAR SQ., W.C.2

PRICES 16/-, 20/- & 30/- cvs—80

WO[illegible]ERS OF ANCIENT GREECE combi[illegible] with a delightful holiday. Athens, Crete, Mycen[illegible] Corinth, etc. SMALL personally-conduct[illegible]ar, 20 days, 12th October to 31st October. 43 gu[illegible] inclusive. London return. De luxe tour [illegible] Greece and Palestine, Xmas day in Jerus[illegible] and New Year in Athens. Particulars from [illegible]lo-Hellenic Tours, First Avenue House, London, W.C.1

BE[illegible]LLER! CLIENTS GAIN 2 to 6 INCHES! I[illegible] my own height to 6' 3?" RO[illegible]YSTEM NEVER FAILS. Fee £2[illegible]rticulars (mailed privately) 2[illegible]p. S. K. MALCOLM ROSS, [illegible]ht Specialist, Scarbor[illegible], England. (P.O. Box 15.)

VAPEX (REG TRADE MARK) INHALANT

The Simple, Speedy Safe, Cold Cure

Simply put a drop on the handkerchief and breathe the vapour. Perfectly safe—"Vapex" acts as a gentle stimulant to the respiratory system. Wonderfully speedy because the vapour kills the germs which cause the trouble. The sooner "Vapex" is used the sooner will your cold disappear.

Of Chemists 2/- & 3/-

V.S.L. THOMAS KERFOOT & CO. LTD

Readers of

THE SPHERE

are invited to make use of the free facilities afforded by

THE SPHERE TRAVEL BUREAU

Advice to readers, for which no charge is made, is gladly given on all aspects of travel. Transportation by air, rail, sea or road, hotel accommodation, clothing and equipment—in short, advice and information upon any matter which merits prior consideration in connection with travel.

THE SPHERE TRAVEL BUREAU, 346, STRAND, LONDON

BEAUTIFUL HAIR

WHICH LOOKS YOUR OWN

Lovely hair is the glory of beautiful women . . . a glory that need not pass . . . a charm that need never be lost. If your hair is thinning . . . losing its delicate lustre . . . let us supply you with fringes, toupets, chignons . . . or complete transformations . . . exquisite creations of pure human hair . . . matching your own and fitting exactly.

Our 37 years' experience of serving an exclusive clientele is your guarantee of satisfaction and absolute privacy. Write to-day for illustrated brochure (B). or better still interview our Manageress at our West End Salon.

Transformations from - - £2.10.9
Switches of pure human hair from 5/9
Chignons and Swathes from 10/9

The Manageress,
UNIVERSAL HAIR CO.
80/84, FOXBERRY RD., BROCKLEY, LONDON, S.E.
West End Salon:
Mappin House, 156-162, Oxford St., W.1
'Phone Museum: 3128

A six-cylinder Humber "Snipe" Sports Saloon, one of the latest models, which combines good looks with good road performance

The Motorist's Drink Problem: By The Earl of Cardigan

THE problem of drink (alcoholic) is, at the best of times, a thorny one. Innumerable divergent views are expressed as to how, when and what one should drink, and even whether one should drink at all. It becomes infinitely thornier, and gives rise to even more violent opinions, when the drinker happens to be in charge of a motor-vehicle.

There is, of course, a good deal to be said in support of the view that a motorist, during the course of a run, would do well to avoid alcohol altogether. Should he be so unfortunate as to be involved in an accident, particularly during certain hours of the evening, he is always liable to be suspected of over-indulgence. It is a distinct asset to him if he can truthfully assert that he has touched no alcohol at all.

There are, on the other hand, many moderate drinkers who will assert that a small quantity of their favourite stimulant is actually an aid to good and efficient driving. I must confess that I personally have some sympathy with this view. It is a difficult matter to assess fairly; but I have always had the notion that, after *one* drink, my driving improves to a slight but perceptible extent. Particularly if I have been feeling fatigued after a long spell at the wheel, it seems to me that my reactions are slightly speeded up, and that I am a little more alert and "on the spot" than formerly.

I claim little medical knowledge; but I fancy that a doctor could find an explanation for this phenomenon. He would, I think, say that, after a period of more or less constant concentration on the road, one's mind is apt to be a shade sub-normal in the matter of alertness. It seems reasonable that a mild stimulant should have the effect of restoring it to its normal state of effectiveness.

UNFORTUNATELY, one has to admit that there are quite a few drivers who will not stop at one drink, or two, or even three. Whatever one's views as to the value of alcohol in moderation, it is indisputable that the effect of any heavy drinking is invariably bad. A sense of irresponsibility results, and hence an inclination to take chances which would normally be recognised as unjustifiable.

Is it, I wonder, merely the inherent weakness of human nature which leads to the exceeding of the safety limit in the matter of drinks? Personally, I believe that there is another influence at work—namely, the barbaric law which, in the country, closes all public-houses at 10 p.m. precisely.

IF there were no early closing hour I suggest that the fatal "just one more quick one," would never happen, except in the few rare cases of habitual heavy drinkers—who, in any event, are unfit to hold driving licences. The ordinary man would probably have one drink at 10.30; or he might have one at 10 and another at 11. He would, I honestly believe, drink less; and it is quite certain that he would drink more slowly.

It is, perhaps, futile to suggest the removal of restrictions as to the hours when bona fide travellers may enjoy a drink. It may be less futile to set down clearly the dangers which arise as the result of hard-and-fast licensing hours. If every motorist could realise that he has two temptations to resist—the urge to "have one more before they close," and the inducement to "drink up quickly before they turn you out"—there might be many less of those cases in which alcohol is suspected, with more or less truth, of having caused road accidents.

The "Bystander's"

LADIES' AUTUMN FOURSOMES

(13th Year) Ranelagh, October 9th, 10th, 11th and 12th, 1934

and

LADIES' ROEHAMPTON FOURSOMES

(10th Year) Roehampton, October 9th, 10th, 11th and 12th, 1934

By kind invitation of the respective clubs.

RANELAGH: Challenge Cups and replicas to winners, prizes to runners-up and semi-finalists.
ROEHAMPTON: Prizes to winners, runners-up and semi-finalists.

CONDITIONS

Entries, made on the accompanying entrance form, will be received up to Wednesday, September 19th, *without limit of number or handicap, and will be acknowledged by post card. Such acknowledgement does not necessarily mean that the entrants will be entitled to play.*

On September 19th the 128 couples with the lowest joint handicaps will be drawn to play in the match play tournament at Ranelagh; playing limit for any couple, 18. The 128 couples with the next lowest joint handicaps will be drawn to play in the match play tournament at Roehampton; playing limit for any couple, 30. The remaining couples will be placed in order of their joint handicaps on a waiting list from which vacancies will be filled. In the case of two or more couples having the same handicap, priority of entry will decide their order.

If more than 256 couples enter, vacancies caused by withdrawals in the Autumn Foursomes at Ranelagh will be filled by the lowest handicap couples in the Roehampton Foursomes: vacancies in the Roehampton Foursomes by the lowest handicap couples on the waiting list. Should there be no waiting list, walk-overs will be given to the opponents in whichever tournament the scratching occurs.

Reductions of handicap should be notified at once to Miss Helme.

Pairs who have reached any BYSTANDER Foursomes final during 1933 or 1934, whether Autumn, Northern, Scottish or Roehampton, will, if entering together, have the option of being put into the Ranelagh draw whatever their handicap, but cannot play on more than the limit of 18. Such entries should be clearly marked *Finalists*, and the entrants *must* state in which tournament they wish to play.

Entries will be accepted from foreign competitors at their home handicaps if they have no L.G.U. handicaps.

Both foursomes will be played as match play tournaments under ⅞ths of the difference in combined handicaps, limited as above. Halved matches to be played to a finish, strokes, if any, being taken at the same holes as in a complete round.

Competitors may choose their own partners, and in the event of the original partner failing may substitute another up to the time play starts, *if they notify Miss Helme* of the change.

The Directors of the BYSTANDER reserve to themselves the right to accept or refuse any entry and to alter or amend any of these conditions. The decision of the Golf Editor is final on all points.

ENTRANCE FORM

Ranelagh and Roehampton, 1934 **No entrance fee**

To be sent to Miss E. E. Helme, THE BYSTANDER Office, 346, Strand, London, W.C.2, not later than Wednesday, September 19th.

Ladies' Autumn Foursomes—
Ranelagh, October 9th, 10th, 11th and 12th

Roehampton Foursomes—
Roehampton, October 9th, 10th, 11th and 12th

(PLEASE PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS)

Please enter
Mrs. / Miss ..... *of* ..... *Club*

L.G.U. Handicap .....

Home Address ..... *Telephone No.* .....

To play in whichever of the above Foursomes she is eligible for by handicap with her partner

Mrs. / Miss ..... *of* ..... *Club*

L.G.U. Handicap .....

Home Address ..... *Telephone No.* .....

Any alteration of partner or handicap, change of address or telephone number to be notified at once, please, to Miss Helme at the above address

All entries for the BYSTANDER *Monthly Medal Competition must be accompanied by the coupon which appears in any issue of the* BYSTANDER *during the current month.* Coupons must be attached to the cards *signed by the Hon. Sec. of the club, who must certify the scratch score of the course, and be addressed to the Golf Editor of the* BYSTANDER, 346, Strand, W.C.2, *to reach her not later than the first day of the following month.*

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY

THE "BYSTANDER" GOLF COUPON SEPTEMBER

Name Mrs. / Miss .....

Address .....

.....

PRINTED IN GREAT BRITAIN for the Proprietors, ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS, LIMITED, by THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS AND SKETCH, LIMITED, Milford Lane, Strand, London, W.C.2, and Published Weekly by ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS, LIMITED, at 346, Strand, London, W.C.2. TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 4, 1934.
Entered as second-class mail matter at the New York (N.Y.) Post Office. American Agents: International News Company, New York.
Sole Agents for South Africa: Central News Agency, Limited.

The "Bystander's" Guide to London Amusements

THE THEATRE

Plays

CLIVE OF INDIA.—Colin Keith-Johnstone as Clive and Gillian Lind as his wife in a historical drama with plenty of good scenes and action; an excellent holiday play: Savoy, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

FAMILY AFFAIRS.—Lilian Braithwaite, Athene Seyler, Mary Glynne, Gyles Isham, and Jack Livesey in Gertrude Jennings' comedy: Ambassadors, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

FRENCH SALAD.—Hilda Trevelyan as the mother of a family hit by the slump; Leonora Corbett as her daughter-in-law, Vera Lennox, Ellen Pollock, A. R. Whatmore, and Aubrey Dexter as some more of the family: Royalty, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

LIBEL!—A legal play that 's as tense as most crook stuff, with Leon M. Lion as a K.C., Malcolm Keen and Doris Lytton: Playhouse, 8.40. Wed., Sat., 2.40.

LIVING DANGEROUSLY.—First-class entertainment, including a good trial scene with the Medical Council; Godfrey Tearle as the doctor-hero, Martin Walker as the villain, Carol Goodner as the wife: Strand, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

THE MAITLANDS.—John Gielgud is an unhappy schoolmaster, Stephen Haggard his pupil, Jack Hawkins the actor-brother, Catherine Lacey the sister, and Dame May Whitty as the foolish mother in Ronald Mackenzie's uneven play about an English family of seaside dwellers: Wyndham's, 8.40. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

MEN IN WHITE.—A vividly real and moving play about doctors at work; the story runs on the choice of a young surgeon (Robert Douglas) between his career and his fiancée Jill (Esmond); Lewis Casson admirable as a specialist and teacher: Lyric, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

QUEEN OF SCOTS.—Gwen ffrangçon-Davies is charmingly wayward, but without fire, as Mary; Laurence Olivier too good-looking for the rough Bothwell; Glyn Byam-Shaw a petulant Darnley; this is history interestingly painted on a drawing-room canvas: New, 8.30. Tues., Thurs., 2.30.

SIXTEEN.—A play as delightfully acted as written, about a girl (Anna Burden) who resents the marriage of her mother (Fabia Drake) to a second husband (Owen Nares): Criterion, 8.30. Tues., Thurs., 2.30.

SOUR GRAPES.—An excellent comedy on the theme that love between husband and wife must fade; Constance Cummings as the wife, Nicholas Hannen as the husband, and Roger Livesey as the lover, all act supremely well: Apollo, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

TOUCH WOOD.—Ian Hunter as the middle-aged husband, Dorothy Hyson as the girl who gives him a glimpse of renewed youth, Marie Ney as the unselfish wife, in C. L. Anthony's comedy: Haymarket, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE WIND AND THE RAIN.—A charming and light-hearted story of student life in Edinburgh, with Robert Harris and Celia Johnson playing sweethearts, and occasionally in a minor key: St. Martin's, 8.30. Mon., Tues., Fri., 2.30.

With Music

BLACKBIRDS OF 1934.—An all-black revue, "A Harlem Rhapsody"; the principals are Edith Wilson, Peggy Bates, Martha Thomas, Tom Moore: Coliseum, 2.30 and 8.30.

MR. WHITTINGTON.—Musical comedy, with Jack Buchanan as its gay mainstay, and Elsie Randolph, Alfred Drayton, and Fred Emney as its further supports: Hippodrome, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

SHE SHALL HAVE MUSIC.—A light musical play, with Viola Tree, Rita Page, Reginald Purdell, Kenneth Kove, and some more: Saville, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

SPORTING LOVE.—A new, all-laughing success, with Stanley Lupino as king-laughter-maker, Laddie Cliff as his dancing clown-chamberlain, and Vera Bryer, Jennie Dean, and Marjorie Brown as the girls: Gaiety, 8.30. Tues., Thurs., 2.30.

WHY NOT TO-NIGHT?—The Nelson Keys' revue continues; the stars include Hermione Baddeley, Greta Nissen, the Diamond Brothers, Polly Luce: Vaudeville, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

Mirth and Mystery

ADMIRALS ALL.—Laura la Plante, as a film star, gets involved with Chinese pirates and British admirals in the new Ian Hay-King Hall comedy: Clive Currie, Frank Cellier, and Aubrey Mather represent the Navy: Shaftesbury, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

LABURNUM GROVE.—Edmund Gwenn as the family-man who may or may not be a crook, and Mary Jerrold as his wife, in J. B. Priestley's entertaining mystery-comedy: Queen's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30. Last weeks.

THE PRIVATE ROAD.—John Tilley gloriously funny as an amorous ex-schoolmaster, Edwin Styles neatly humorous as his rival, Dorothy Dickson as the attractive rose between two thorns: Comedy, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

QUEER CARGO.—Adventures on a tramp steamer in the China Seas; Drusilla Wills is the girl; Franklin Dyall, Barry Livesey, and Robert Hale as some of the men: Piccadilly, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

REVUDEVILLE No. 48.—(Third year). Gus Chevalier, Eddie Kelland, Morgan Davies. Non-stop performance, 1.30-11.30. Four-thousandth performance, Monday, Sept. 10th: Windmill.

TEN-MINUTE ALIBI.—A dream inspired the murderer, and putting back the clock nearly saved his skin; Bernard Lee is the hero: Phœnix, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

VINTAGE WINE.—Seymour Hicks carries the play by being his inimitable self as the gay grandfather who marries a young wife (Clair Luce); Julia Neilson excellent as his mother: Daly's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

First Nights

THE SHINING HOUR.—Gladys Cooper and Raymond Massey return to England in this new play by Keith Winter, author of THE RATS OF NORWAY. Adrianne Allen, Derek Williams, Marjorie Fielding, and Cyril Raymond also in the cast: St. James's, to-night (Sept. 4th), 8.30.

A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.—With Leslie French as Puck. First-night revival, Sept. 4th, Botanical Gardens, 8.30.

CINEMAS

THE AFFAIRS OF CELLINI.—Leicester Square Theatre.

A CUP OF KINDNESS.—The Tom Walls-Ralph Lynn farce is good nonsense for the holidays: Marble Arch Pavilion.

BLOSSOM TIME.—Richard Tauber's first British picture; the singer is supported in this romantic piece by Jane Baxter, Athene Seyler, Carl Esmond, Paul Graetz, and a lot more: Regal.

LES MESSIEURS DE LA SANTÉ.—Featuring Ramu: Academy.

CHU CHIN CHOW.—Oscar Asche's five-year success has Anna May Wong, George Robey, and Fritz Kortzner in its screen version: Tivoli.

CLEOPATRA.—Claudette Colbert as the lovely Egyptian, Henry Wilcoxon as Marc Antony, and Warren Williams as Julius Cæsar; the production is Cecil B. de Mille, and stupendous: Carlton.

THE HOUSE OF DOOM.—With Bela Lugosi and Boris Karloff. ARE YOU A MASON?—The old farce filmed with Sonny Hale, Robertson Hare, Davy Burnaby, and May Agate.

LITTLE FRIEND.—Nova Pilbeam, a brilliant child-actor, as the daughter of unhappy parents (Matheson Lang and Lydia Sherwood) in an interesting and moving film: New Gallery.

MARRIAGE SYMPHONY.—A Radio picture: Plaza.

SHE LEARNT ABOUT SAILORS.—Featuring Lew Ayres and Alice Saye; and THE NIGHT'S GUEST, with Donald Cook and Genevieve Tobin: Capitol.

MUSIC

PROMENADE CONCERTS.—Sir Henry Wood conducting the B.B.C. Orchestra: Queen's Hall, 8.

To-night: Sibelius concert, including Symphonies No. 1 and No. 7; soprano, Helmi Liukkonen.

Sept. 5th: Bach-Handel concert.

Sept. 6th: Mixed programme, including Elgar's Symphony No. 1, and the first London performance of E. J. Moeran's Suite, Farrago.

Sept. 7th: Beethoven concert; Symphonies No. 1 and No. 5; Harriet Cohen plays the Piano Concerto No. 2, Walton's Sinfonia Concertante.

Sept. 8th: Mixed programme; Mitja Nikisch plays Chopin's Piano Concerto No. 1; and new work, California, by Frederick Converse.

Sept. 10th: Wagner concert; the six singers include May Blyth and Keith Falkner.

SPORT

CRICKET.—Australians v. Minor Counties: Sept. 5th-6th. Oval.

MOTOR RACING.—M.C.C. Meeting, Sept. 8th: Brooklands.

LAWN TENNIS.—Phyllis Court Tournament, Sept. 3rd-8th: Henley-on-Thames.

DANCING AND DINING

In London

BLUE TRAIN.—Evening dress in the restaurant, any dress in the grill; Billy Gerhardi's band plays for both; extension night, Tuesday.

CAFÉ ANGLAIS.—The Three Pearls, speciality dancers, direct from America, Reginald Foresythe and his band play: extension night, Friday.

CAFÉ DE PARIS.—Jack Harris and his band; V. Jesters (4 entertainers from New York): re-opening Wednesday, Sept. 5th—extension night.

CAFÉ DE LA PAIX.—"Frivolities of 1934" at midnight; Dare Lea's band. In the grill-room, *Chez Nous*, Queenie Leonard and Edward Cooper entertain.

DORCHESTER HOTEL.—"Les Girls" in a special summer show; Teddy Joyce and his band do a cabaret turn, as well as play for dancing: extension night, Thursday.

GROSVENOR HOUSE.—The Grosvenor Gaieties dance and sing at dinner and supper; Syd Lipton's band: extension night, Thursday.

QUAGLINO'S.—Walsh and Baker hold the fort as holiday entertainers: Van Straten's band plays: extension, Wednesday.

PICCADILLY.—Mary and Erik, dance skaters; Stetson, the man with the hat; Ray and Geoffrey Espinosa, ballroom dancers: extension, Friday.

ROMANO'S.—Authentically Bohemian: the cabaret is an all-dancing one.

Out of London

ACE OF SPADES, Kingston By-Pass.—Swimming all night; dancing till 3 a.m. to Percy Chandler's band; cabaret on Saturday.

ACE OF SPADES, Great West Road.—The new large swimming-pool is now open; restaurant.

ANGMERING COURT CLUB, Sussex.—Sea-bathing, golf, riding, tennis, and dancing at week-ends; excellent food; one can stay at the Club.

ANNE BOLEYN, on the left, over the bridge at Staines.—The restaurant is in a delightful old-world house; the swimming-bath is fitted with up-to-date filtration.

BELL HOUSE, Beaconsfield.—Swimming, sun-bathing, and dancing in the pleasant restaurant. Licensed til 11.30 p.m. on week-days.

CHATEAU BLEU CLUB, Maidenhead.—Swimming in the pool; boatin' on the river; tennis; dancing every evening.

DOWNS HOTEL, Hassocks, Sussex.—A place to stay as well as drop in; Sussex Downs scenery. There 's a Restorium with artificial sunlight treatment to supplement heat-waves.

EMPIRE POOL, Wembley Stadium.—England's first "waving-bath," where one can swim and dive daily from 7 a.m. to midnight for 1s.

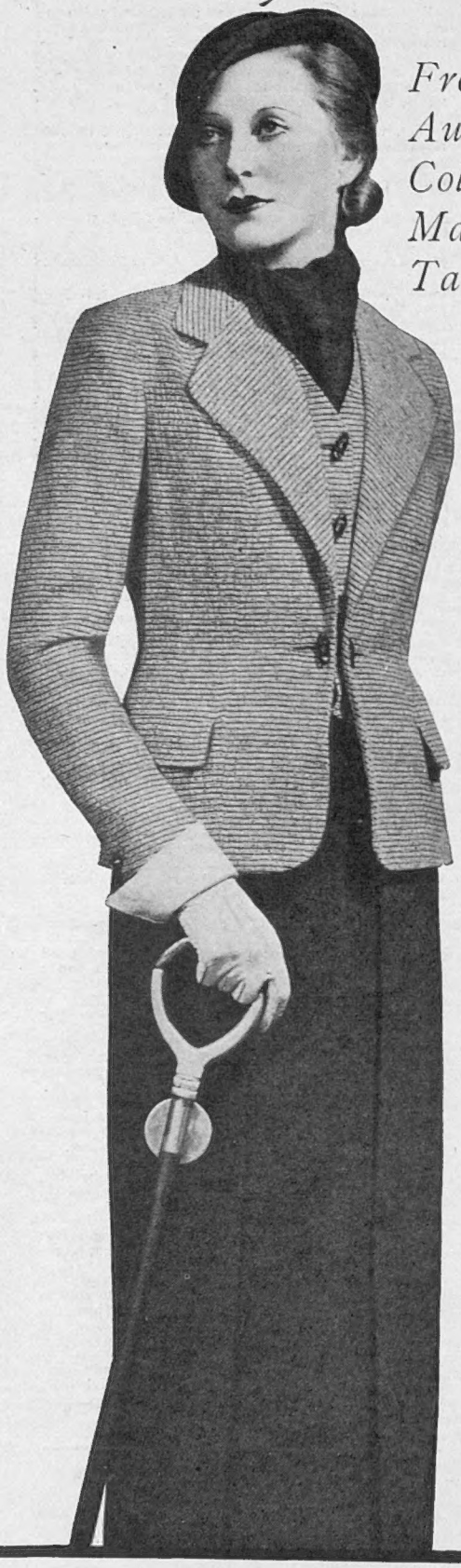
((*Continued on page* i)

YOU want Best Seats
WE have them
KEITH PROWSE
Theatres, Cinemas, Cabarets, Sporting Events, etc.
159 NEW BOND ST., W.1 (REGent 6000), and Branches everywhere—see Telephone Directory

AND we have the Best Show
REVUDEVILLE
at the
WINDMILL
PICCADILLY CIRCUS

The New Tailor

Suits to Order
. . . by Debenhams



From the Autumn Collection of Made to Order Tailor Mades

Made to Order Coat and Skirt

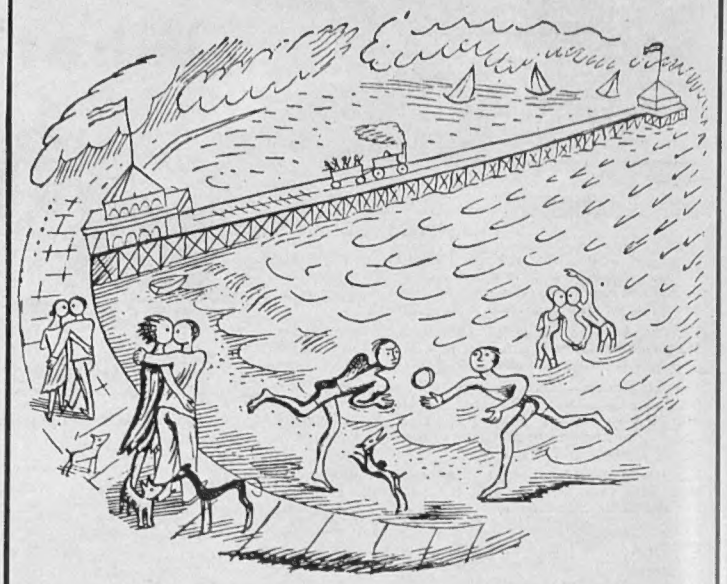
. . .

In Green Irish Tweed, the coat with separate waistcoat in light mixture, the skirt in dark green to tone, scarf of skirt tweed with fringed hem. In various shades.

To Order 12½ gns.

Debenham&Freebody

WIGMORE ST., LONDON, W.1 (*Debenhams Ltd.*)



WALTON ON-THE-NAZE

BUT

SHELL ON THE ROAD

YOU CAN BE SURE OF SHELL

THE SHELL GUIDE TO CORNWALL
An entirely new type of Guide Book.
Price 2/6. Obtainable from all booksellers.

STAG-HUNTING

"THE DEVON AND SOMERSET STAGHOUNDS AT CLOUTSHAM."

By LIONEL EDWARDS, R.I.

This fine print in colours, after the original picture, is published in two limited editions:—

REMARQUE PROOFS (limited to 25 only) - £3 : 3 : 0
ARTIST'S PROOFS (limited to 150 only) - £1 : 11 : 6

The size of the print is approximately 15 ins. by 10 ins.

To be obtained from all Printsellers, or by post (inland postage 1/- extra) from—

THE SPORTING GALLERY,
7, Grafton Street, Bond Street, London, W.1

This is romance . . . or if it isn't, don't blame Branksome. The afterglow of a day well spent in perfect surroundings, capped by a gem of a dinner . . . soft lights and sweet music in the

background . . . the magic of the scene before you . . . the stage is set . . . ring up the

Branksome Tower Hotel

Write L. Burdet, Manager, for Illustrated Brochure. 'Phone: BOURNEMOUTH 4000

ESTORIL—Where Autumn is Loveliest . . .

Autumn in Estoril, on the sunny Portuguese coast, is a sort of Paradise-come-true . . . There's nothing quite like it . . . the warm, kindly sun, the prodigal flowers, the long, lazy hours on the sandy beach . . . you'll have an unforgettably delightful holiday. . . .

Estoril is a fine centre for excursions, too—only twenty-five minutes from Lisbon.

For information and literature apply to Estoril-Propagande, Casa da Portugal, 20 Regent Street, London; or 7 Rue Scribe, Paris; or write to Sociedad de Propaganda da Costa do Sol, Estoril, Portugal.

In eleven years more than

16,000 men

have been put into work or otherwise helped out of the slough of despond. May we send you our Annual Report, giving details of our work.

WINTER DISTRESS LEAGUE.

23, Bedford Row, London, W.C.1.

FOR THE BEST TRAVEL SERVICE

DEAN & DAWSON LTD

81, PICCADILLY, LONDON, W.1

Phone: Grosvenor 2873-6
AND BRANCHES

YOU CAN AFFORD TO SMILE

when you have teeth as white as mine . . . And here's the little secret of their snowiness. Liquid dentifrice—Dr. Pierre's—fragrant oils of cinnamon, mint, cloves, and aniseed . . . marvellously refreshing in the mouth . . . cleans every oral cavity . . . more antiseptic than chemicals, too.

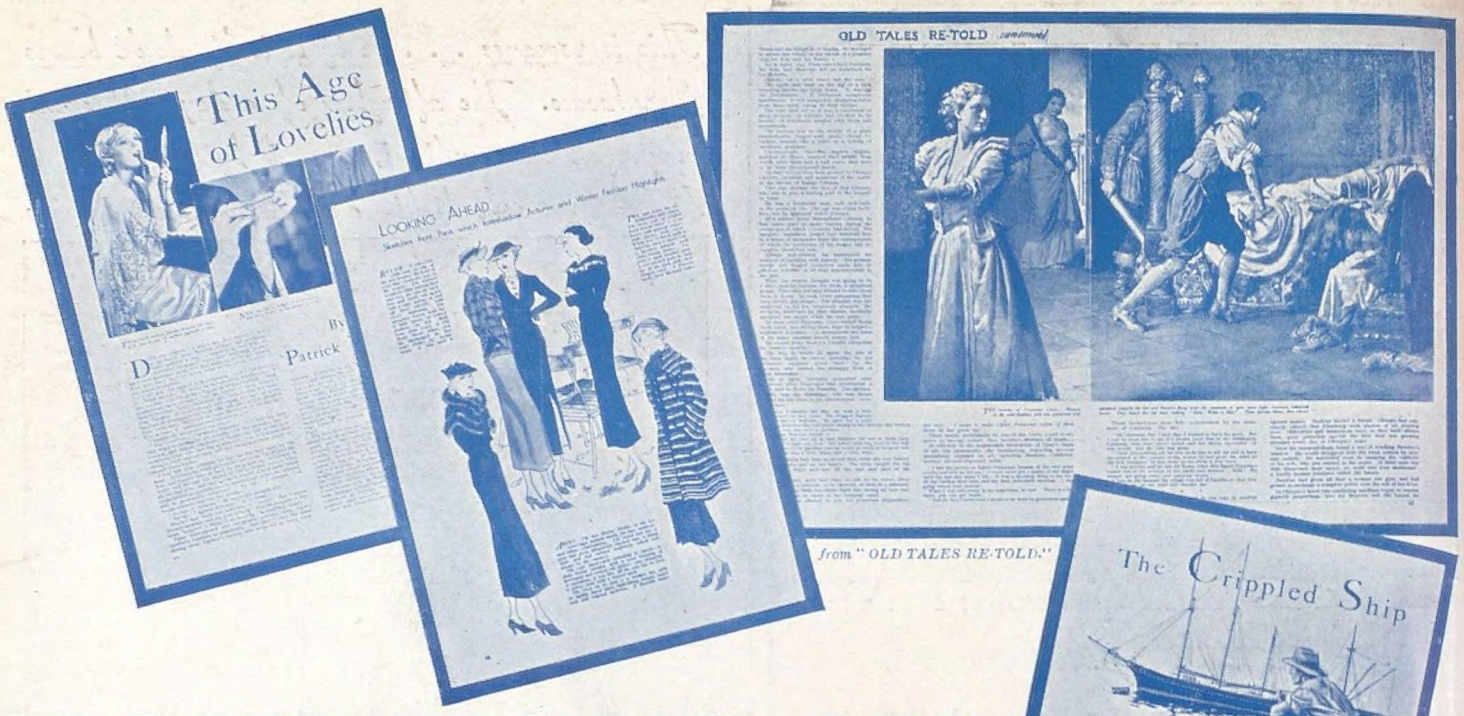
Dr. PIERRE'S Liquid DENTIFRICE

A Dentifrice for the Discriminating. Sold by Chemists and High-Class Stores at 2/-, 3 6, 5 6, 8/6, or post free from: SAVORY & MOORE, LTD., 61, WELBECK ST., W.1

"AUTOMAX" PRINTS 3½"×2½"
FROM LEICA AND OTHER MINIATURE NEGS
2'- PER DOZ.

LEICA CAMERA LIST FREE ON REQUEST

WALLACE HEATON LTD
119, NEW BOND STREET, LONDON, W.1.



YOUR HOLIDAY

will be happier if you take THIS magazine

You'll have these to read:

FIFTY YEARS AGO: No. 9: UNPREPAREDNESS. THE CRISIS OF 1884.
MURDER IN MOSCOW: *By Walter Duranty.*
THIS AGE OF LOVELIES: *by C. Patrick Thompson.*
ENDEAVOUR . . . *by A. M. Kinnersley Saul.*
MR. PARLBUTT AND THE LOVE PHILTRE: *by Margery Lawrence.*
JAPAN'S WORKING LIFE: *by Rosita Forbes.*
FULL DRESS UNIFORM: *by Christine Jope-Slade.*
HOPS — THE SOCIAL CLIMBERS: *by Charles Graves.*
TRAVEL BOY: *by Hannen Swaffer.*
THE CRIPPLED SHIP: *by Louis Kaye.*
BOOKS: *Reviewed by Arnold Palmer.*
EVIDENCE IN CAMERA: *by William J. Makin.*
OLD TALES RE-TOLD: "BEATRICE CENCI": *Written and illustrated by F. Matania, R.I.*
TESTS OF TASTE *in Home Decoration.*
PERSONAL HYGIENE: "A WOMAN IS AS YOUNG AS HER EYES" *by "Chrysis."*
LIGHT BY NIGHT: *Winifred Lewis discusses some practical lighting schemes.*
BUSYBODY'S *Notebook for Women.*
FASHIONS: *by Jean Burnup.*
R.S.V.P.: SUGGESTIONS FOR THE SPARE BEDROOM.
OTHER PEOPLE'S HOUSES: THE LONDON HOME OF MR. AND MRS. IAIN MURRAY.
AN EASY-TO KNIT CARDIGAN.
WHAT I HAVE BOUGHT THIS MONTH.
NOISE: *by G. Baseden Butt.*
YOUR HOME AND YOUR TEMPERAMENT: *by Olive Rinder.*
FASHIONS THAT WILL INTEREST THE HOME DRESSMAKER.
ALL SCOTCH RECIPES: *by A. H. Adair.*
SWEETS TO REMEMBER WHEN THE DINNER IS FORGOTTEN: *by A. H. Adair.*
MODERN FIREPLACES:
MOTORING: *by the Earl of Cardigan.*

MAGNIFICENT STORIES, something to interest YOU. There's never a dull moment on holiday when you've got BRITANNIA and EVE. In the SEPTEMBER issue there's enough to read from the day you go until the day you return. Just you get it and see. Every Newsagent sells it.

BRITANNIA AND EVE

THE MOST ENTERTAINING MAGAZINE IN THE WORLD